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PERIODICALS DEPARTMENT

EDITORIAL

THE CLOUD OVER BHOPAL

Mother Teresa, touring the site of the mass gassing in Bhopal, India, urged the survivors to forgive those responsible for the disaster. After a few hours' detention, authorities there released Union Carbide chair Warren M. Anderson, who then offered to build an orphanage with company funds and reassured worried investors that his firm could weather demands on its capital from Indian claimants. Lawyers are scurrying around two continents trying to determine the best venue for litigation. They and the doctors, corporate finance officers, politicians and moralists will be busy for years to come in the aftermath of the worst industrial accident in history.

The hundreds of thousands who live in the shantytowns downwind of the Union Carbide plant are already slipping from public view. An undifferentiated crowd of victims for a few days, they were quickly overlooked when the issues of blame and liability, medical procedure and technological safety, were engaged. But their plight is the one issue that must not be forgotten. It is not only their suffering that characterized the tragedy but their powerlessness in the face of corporate, bureaucratic and national decisions of awful moment to their lives. The gas cloud that covered the Bhopal slums may have been caused by technical failure or human error, but in a larger sense it was produced by inaccessible economic and political institutions that place human values below financial and administrative considerations.

In accepting the Nobel Peace Prize, Bishop Desmond Tutu asked the West to show as much concern for the millions of starving and dispossessed Africans as it does for one Polish priest. The same attention should be given the people of Bhopal and the powerless all over the world, who are downwind of bigger disasters to come.

THE HERITAGE REPORT
Elsa Dixler

HELPING KING HASSAN
Scott L. Malcomson

BEYOND DETERRENCE
Todd Gitlin

THE COMPLEAT REVIEWMAN
Richard Lingeman

CHRISTMAS BOOK, MOVIE, RECORD LISTS
'Nation' Editors and Friends

SATELLITE POLITICS

THE ASSAULT ON INTELSAT

GREGORY C. STAPLE

During the last eighteen months, a tiny group of U.S. entrepreneurs has managed to place the future of the world's premier international satellite communications system on the bargaining table in Washington.

The satellite system at issue is owned by the International Telecommunications Satellite Organization (Intelsat), a 109-nation consortium initiated by the United States in 1962. By proposing separate trans-Atlantic satellite systems to serve major multinational corporations, these entrepreneurs have prompted the Reagan Administration to reconsider America's twenty-two-year commitment to making Intelsat's facilities available throughout the world on an equitable basis.

The majority of consortium members, particularly developing nations, have not looked kindly on Washington's policy change. Their concern has been voiced with increasing fervor by Richard Colino, ironically the first American to head the global organization. Last summer Colino dismissed the consortium's would-be competitors as no more than "lawyers and word processors," but a few weeks later Intelsat issued a memorandum concluding that it had the authority to strip the United States of its vote if the Reagan Administration approved alternative satellite systems that would harm the organization economically.

As evidenced by Colino's remarks, the clash between Intelsat and the government over alternative overseas satellite systems has become increasingly contentious. Proponents of the new satellites argue that they will provide specialized services now unavailable (for example, by linking cable television systems in Western

(*Continued on Page 679*)

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LETTERS.

MISREPRESENTATION OF HISTORY

New York City

I was shocked to read in Harrison E. Salisbury's December 1 article, "The Strange Correspondence of Morris Ernst and John Edgar Hoover, 1939–1964," that after my case was reversed I had "jumped bail and fled the country."

This is an outrageous lie and careless editing.

In the thirty-four years since my trials, I have lived in New York City continuously, raised a family of four, worked and been active in my community. For seventeen of those years, until my case was dismissed in 1967, I remained on $40,000 no-interest cash bail raised by my family (a considerable amount in those days). During those years I was not permitted to vote, drive a car or leave the Southern or Eastern Districts of New York.

Flee the country, indeed! I couldn't cross the Hudson River to attend the unveiling of my father's gravestone.

Salisbury's allegation is a damaging misrepresentation of history. He owes me—and the readers of *The Nation*—an apology.

Judith Coplon

We should have noted in our December 8 correction and comment that Harrison E. Salisbury joins us in apologizing to Judith Coplon. —*The Editors*

A SIGNIFICANT CASE

New York City

Harrison E. Salisbury's characteristically thoughtful article on the Ernst-Hoover correspondence contains one serious error of fact with respect to the events following the reversal of Judith Coplon's conviction: "After the case was thrown out and before it could be retried, Coplon jumped bail and fled the country." On the contrary, Coplon complied fully with the conditions of the order releasing her on bail. The case was not retried because the government lacked the evidence to support the indictment.

Coplon's reversal of the conviction in New York State was based on two grounds: the illegality of the arrest and the government's refusal, supported by the U.S. District Court, to turn over the products of the illegal wiretapping. Her conviction in Washington was reversed because the wiretapping was of privileged conversations between Coplon and her original attorney, Archibald Palmer.

The Coplon case is very significant in legal and political history. It led to important revelations of governmental misconduct. It was the first time that anyone outside the government had seen copies of actual F.B.I. reports. The documents involved, far from relating to the national defense, were F.B.I. reports on the surveillance of lawful private and public activities of American citizens. They revealed to the public for the first time the F.B.I.'s violations of the First Amendment rights of American citizens, which ultimately were exposed in the Church committee hearings and in two separate lawsuits brought by the Socialist Workers Party and the National Lawyers Guild.

The disclosure of the F.B.I. reports resulted in the important "Report on Certain Alleged Practices of the FBI" in 1950 by a distinguished special committee of the National Lawyers Guild (*X Lawyers Guild Review* No. 1, Winter 1950). J. Edgar Hoover had advance notice of the guild's plans through illegal wiretapping in June 1949, and his agents stole successive drafts of the report by breaking into the guild's office in November and December 1949.

(Incidentally, in the Coplon case it was not Judge Learned Hand, as Salisbury suggests, but U.S. District Court Judge Albert Reeves in the District of Columbia case who directed that the F.B.I. reports should be made available to the defense and the public.)

May I also take the opportunity to comment on an unrelated point made by Salisbury: "Ernst had said he thought [Emanuel] Bloch didn't want him on the case and preferred that the Rosenbergs be executed (reflecting a belief, common among some students of the case, that the Rosenbergs were more valuable to the Communists as martyrs)." In light of the Ernst-Hoover correspondence and much more, it would be understandable if Bloch did not want Ernst on the case. More important, there is no basis for that belief and no reason to suggest that it was "common" among "some" students of the case—whatever that qualification means.

I knew Emanuel Bloch and his devotion to his clients, which I have never seen equaled. I recently criticized Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas for having expressed this opinion in his second autobiographical volume, and I think it is a canard that should not be repeated [see *Harvard Law Review*, May 1981]. It reminds me of Katherine Anne Porter's similar accusation against the Sacco and Vanzetti Committee, which was equally without evidence. Porter's own behavior is analyzed in Elinor Langer's recently published fine biography of Josephine Herbst.

Leonard B. Boudin

REMARKABLE CORRESPONDENCE

Toledo, Ohio

Congratulations to *The Nation* for publishing an account of the remarkable correspondence between Morris Ernst and J. Edgar Hoover. I believe Ernst was a smart, self-serving, sometime civil-libertarian, who enjoyed dropping names and associating with those in power. I was executive vice president of the National Lawyers Guild during the time that Ernst and Ferdinand Pecora led their anticommunist brethren out of the guild. They made no bones about their close contacts with the security authorities in Washington.

Ernst liked to associate himself with unpopular causes. When I became involved in a disbarment proceeding at Portsmouth, Ohio, as I defended a troublesome labor dispute, Ernst within weeks organized an effective defense committee consisting of the Solicitor General of the United States, Federal and state judges, various professors and a multitude of prominent bar association officials. His organizational and promotional abilities were astounding, and the case was soon thrown out of court. Harrison E. Salisbury has extensively analyzed the enigmatic Ernst and shown how his phobia against the "naughty foreign agents" always managed to land on the front page of the newspapers.

Edward Lamb

A FINE JOB

Roslyn Heights, N.Y.

Congratulations for publishing the revelations about Morris Ernst and J. Edgar Hoover. Harrison E. Salisbury's analysis of the correspondence is very effective. A special thanks is due David Levine for the striking caricature of Ernst as a stool pigeon. It is a work of art.

Thanks for a fine job. *Philip Good*

ARNIE IS CONFUSED

Concord, N.H.

I have always admired Calvin Trillin's insightful analyses of the great issues of our day, particularly his ability to shed light on the subtleties of our culture that few others would have considered.

But in contrast to his usual precise prose, Trillin's foray into science writing in the October 13 "Uncivil Liberties" was hard to follow. After reading it twice, I still do not understand how to preslice a banana with a needle and thread.

In future essays on complex technical topics, please at least include a diagram.

Thank you very much. *Arnie Alpert*

TRILLIN REPLIES

New York City

Learn your own tricks, Alpert.

Calvin Trillin

WRITER'S QUERY

For a book on humorous and dramatic experiences people have had while trying to avoid compulsory military service, I would appreciate communications from individuals who can contribute personal stories or stories of others. Confidentiality will be respected if requested.

Thomas P. Mosk
959 6th Street, Suite D
Santa Monica, Calif. 90403

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EDITORIALS.

Reagan's 'Good War'

From the outset, the Reagan Administration made the war against terrorism the ideological centerpiece of its foreign policy. It was an attractive formulation. Terrorism, like treason, never prospers; in the last decade it was particularly abhorred. The hostage crisis was a major factor in Jimmy Carter's defeat in 1980, and Reagan found a villain against which Americans could all do battle—his own abstract Great Satan. No need for complicated military deployments in dusty deserts or attenuated struggles in the jungle quagmire. This war could be fought on the cheap, in the media. Just let Jeane Kirkpatrick loose in a U.N. debate, or unleash George Shultz at a conservative convention, and the electronic battlefield would be activated. The networks manned the front, the newspapers and columnists brought up the rear, and the 82nd Airborne stayed safely in its barracks.

The beauty part was that the war against terrorism was unlosable; the reality is that it appears to be unwinnable as well. Rhetorical attacks against terrorism in the abstract have proved useless against acts of terror in the particular. Add the hijacking of the Kuwaiti Airbus and the murder of two of its passengers to the roster of ambushes, bombings, kidnappings and assassinations that have occurred around the world in the past four years. The list grows longer as the Administration's rhetorical response gets more strident. Reagan is bogged down in this fray as surely as his predecessors were trapped in more conventional conflicts.

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The failure can be seen on two levels. First, strategic: terrorist acts are by their nature unanswerable, except at unacceptably high cost. The Nazis made a practice of retaliating against entire towns when an act of terror (we called it resistance in those days) was committed. But what with the Third World in turmoil already and American interests threatened by insurgencies all over the globe, it would be dangerous for the President to make indiscriminate examples of innocent civilians simply to satisfy Secretary Shultz's revenge fantasies. In any case, a strategy of vengeance never works. As former Defense Secretary Robert McNamara admits, the bombing of North Vietnam strengthened the will of the people to resist, rather than weakening their support for the guerrilla armies. And ask any Israeli how much peace has been bought by that government's retaliatory strikes during the last two decades.

The second level of failure is more profound. The Reagan war is inherently illogical and functionally hypocritical. The concept of terrorism—like peace, poverty and war itself—represents a judgment about effects, a statement about symptoms, an interpretation of events. It is not a thing in itself. To win a war against terrorism, Reagan would have to encourage a restructuring of the international order: to give power to those who do not have it, to diminish the domination of those in command, to redistribute resources on a global scale. Obviously, that is not in the cards. Instead, the Administration wages the war by building concrete bunkers around the White House, the Pentagon and overseas facilities, and by threatening force against other governments which may or may not sympathize with terrorists. The fact that Reagan did not launch a single anti-terrorist action during his first term indicates how difficult his policy is to effect.

The hypocrisy is that Reagan is not concerned about international terrorism but about international opposition. He defines those he opposes as terrorists. Certainly many on the official list are despicable murderers and irresponsible extremists, but so are some who are absent from it: the Chilean junta, the Salvadoran military, the South African government, the Nicaraguan *contras*, Ferdinand Marcos in the Philippines, Zia ul-Haq in Pakistan, Chun Doo Hwan in South Korea. Closer to home, F.B.I. Director William Webster last week specifically excluded those responsible for bombing more than a score of abortion clinics from being designated as terrorists.

"I'm trying to at least hold the line and not call everything terrorism," he explained ingenuously. So the pro-life bombers of the Army of God are given a lower priority on the F.B.I.'s wanted list because they are not trying "to shift the government," as Webster said. He added, "[Their] objective is social."

No reasonable policy can emerge from hypocrisy and illogic. If the President was willing to give up his rhetoric and get down to cases, he might get somewhere. Then he could begin making concerted attacks against insurgencies of the left, against black revolutionaries, against Third World liberation movements and domestic solidarity groups, against radical feminists and Catholic militants, against Libyans, Iranians, Nicaraguans, Vietnamese, Palestinians, Shiites and Cubans wherever they may be. That would be bloody and awful, but at least he could claim to see light at the end of the tunnel.

Mobil vs. the Media

So Mobil isn't speaking to *The W.S.J.* Earlier this month corporate spokesman John Flint announced that the oil company had "adopted a policy of not having anything to do with *The Wall Street Journal*. Specifically, we will not answer their questions on or off the record, provide them with any data or grant any interviews." What is more, the company stopped advertising in *The Journal*.

The break, Flint said, "comes about after five years or more of problems with working with them." He did not describe the problems, though according to the *New York Post*, the company was miffed by a recent story in *The Journal* about Mobil's financial involvement in the construction of an office tower in Chicago. Coincidentally, chair Rawleigh Warner Jr.'s son-in-law works for the real estate firm that is Mobil's partner in the venture. How many in the class remember the libel suit against *The Washington Post* brought by former Mobil president William P. Tavoulareas and his son?

We read the story about the latest feud with particular interest. The oil giant hasn't spoken to us since the Mobil Foundation complained about the "radical" speeches made at the Writers Congress we organized in 1981 and demanded that we return the money it had donated.

We did regret the rupture, since we hoped that the company would advertise, and we were hurt when Mobil P.R. chief Herbert Schmertz refused to debate with a *Nation* editor on television a couple years ago. But frankly it's hard to keep on the oil company's good side. That phrase of Flint's—"problems with working with them"—speaks volumes about its attitude toward the media. As it often says in its Op-Ed advertisements, Mobil believes in a "responsible" press, which means reporters who write about *Masterpiece Theater* or reprint corporate handouts. If they want information about how Mobil profiteered during the energy crisis or how it despoils the environment or avoids paying taxes, the company becomes as tight-lipped as the Central Intelligence Agency. The comparison isn't farfetched. When the C.I.A. didn't like a story on *ABC World News Tonight*, which was later publicly retracted, it complained to the Federal Communications Commission, placing the network's license in jeopardy. (The agency probably would have preferred to sue for libel, but that would have meant opening its files.)

In its most recent First Amendment sermon, Mobil said, "The real issue is what remedy a public figure has or should have if he is damaged by a reporter's falsehoods, whether committed knowingly or not." Citing an essay on the *New York Times* Op-Ed page by communications lawyer Floyd Abrams and the CBS brief in the Westmore-

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land case, Mobil charged that the press claims the right to lie about people. That, of course, is absurd. The press is bound by the Supreme Court's ruling in *New York Times v. Sullivan*, which says that knowingly or maliciously publishing an untrue statement about a public figure—the definition of a lie, as Abrams pointed out—constitutes libel. What disturbs the press, and should disturb all citizens of a democracy, is the growing number of suits by public figures who seek to commandeer the courts as forums for settling political scores and punishing critics.

An American press "responsible" to Mobil and the C.I.A., not to mention Gen. William Westmoreland and Ariel Sharon, would be a sorry one indeed. Don't call us, Mobil; we'll call you. Welcome to the club, *W.S.J.*

Whither Freeze?

How should the peace movement respond to Reagan's re-election? Last weekend in St. Louis, more than 750 delegates to the Nuclear Weapons Freeze Campaign's fifth annual national conference grappled with that question. According to our reporter Micah Sifry, the results are an important indication of what lies ahead.

Inspired in part by the success of the antiapartheid protests in mobilizing public opinion, the delegates approved the use of select acts of nonviolent civil disobedience in their push for a comprehensive and bilateral ban on testing—a first step in stopping the technological momentum of the arms race. By a wide margin, the conference endorsed a plan put forward by religious groups to block the entrance to the Nevada Test Site, where all American nuclear weapons testing takes place, from August 6 through 9, in commemoration of the fortieth anniversary of the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

The conference overwhelmingly endorsed a measure calling on local freeze groups to explore cooperative efforts with labor and the Rainbow Coalition. And the freeze movement took a giant step toward coalition with anti-intervention forces by supporting a Central America Contingency Plan developed by religious organizations and endorsed by dozens of peace, human rights and Central America solidarity groups, under which national protests would be set in motion in the event of major American military escalation in the region. A significant, and somewhat risky, attempt to broaden the tactics and goals of this solidly mainstream peace group is under way.

The campaign will continue to focus on educating the public and Congress about the need for a freeze—a job made harder by the fact that a sizable number of voters thought Reagan was pro-freeze, or that his Star Wars plan might make nuclear weapons obsolete. When the Reagan peace offensive begins in January with the Shultz-Gromyko talks in Geneva, their task will be even more formidable. But activists correctly sense that the American public's love affair with defense spending is waning and that the mood is for arms control. The question is, On whose terms?

Brazil Moves Left

For two decades Brazil's high command has chosen presidents from its own ranks and has rigged the rules of the electoral game to keep the National Congress under the control of a political party that backs the dictatorship. But a long economic recession and widespread popular dissatisfaction with authoritarian government has dulled the generals' taste for politics.

Earlier this year, a broad-based coalition of moderates, labor unions and members of the Socialist International and other left-wing opposition parties stepped up pressure on the military government for direct elections. More than 200,000 people protested in the streets of São Paulo in January, demanding an end to military rule. It was the largest public demonstration in Brazil's history. Similar rallies took place the following weeks in other parts of the country. The demonstrations expressed the opposition's swelling demand for direct presidential elections. But in April, the Congress voted down a constitutional amendment that would have allowed such elections.

Brazilians remember the taste of democracy they got in November 1982, and their appetites have been whetted for more. In the first nationwide open elections since 1962 they chose senators, governors, members of Congress and mayors. The popularity of those elections and the precedent set by the election of Raúl Alfonsín in Argentina last year caused the Brazilian generals to bend slightly. They have permitted a special convocation of the electoral college on January 15 to choose a successor to President João Baptista Figueiredo. Since the majority of the body belongs to Figueiredo's Social Democratic Party (P.D.S.), the opposition charged that the move would insure the ruling party's continuance in power.

But a funny thing happened on the way to the college. The P.D.S. nomination was captured by Paulo Salim Maluf, whose aggressive, free-spending campaign style, Reaganish economic views and controversial record as Governor of São Paulo State produced such a hostile backlash among all sectors of the population, including the business community, that many P.D.S. delegates to the college have defected to his opponent, Tancredo Neves. Unless the generals call off the indirect election at the eleventh hour—which is highly unlikely—the election of Neves, a political warhorse backed by the left as well as by moderates and anti-Maluf business interests, is assured.

Neves has made clear that he will be a caretaker. He has promised to call a constitutional convention to eliminate the broad authority bestowed by the military on its handpicked presidents and to mandate direct elections for his successors. He has also vowed to shorten his own six-year term.

The opposition parties in Brazil know they must move slowly. Neves has made clear, for example, that there will be no trials of military leaders as in Argentina. Still, the elections in January represent a first step on the long, difficult road back to representative government. A successful transition will invigorate democratic forces throughout the hemisphere.

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

Disgusting Case

Here's a peculiarly disgusting case of misrepresentation, leading to the traducing of a decent man's reputation. I hardly need say that Martin Peretz, who recently marked a sojourn of infamy as owner of *The New Republic* by celebrating the seventieth anniversary of that awful magazine, has been an accomplice in these calumnies.

The affair concerns Noam Chomsky, professor of linguistics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and one of the few genuinely dissident intellectuals in this country—a role that has made him the target of unremitting slanders. The October issue of *The New Criterion* had a long article on Chomsky which caused disquiet to his admirers, even though one could scarcely have expected a friendly treatment of the man in a magazine edited by Hilton Kramer and financed by right-wing corporations.

The article was written by Geoffrey Sampson and was titled "Censoring *20th-Century Culture*: the case of Noam Chomsky." Sampson is a professor of linguistics at the University of Lancaster, in England, and the burden of his lengthy article, as signaled by its title, is that Chomsky, a self-declared advocate of untrammeled free speech, is in fact an enemy of free expression.

How had Sampson determined that Chomsky was a consummate hypocrite in this matter? He relates how he had been asked to contribute an entry on Chomsky to a dictionary of twentieth-century thinkers to be published in Britain by Fontana/Collins under the title *Biographical Companion to Modern Thought*, edited by Lord Bullock with the assistance of R.B. Woodings. In one portion of his 550-word entry, he observes that Chomsky had "forfeited authority as a political commentator by a series of actions widely regarded as ill-judged (repeated polemics minimizing the Khmer Rouge atrocities in Cambodia; endorsement of a book—which Chomsky admitted he had not read—that denied the historical reality of the Jewish Holocaust)."

Sampson says that in the British edition the entry was printed as he had written it, but before the American edition (titled *Twentieth-Century Culture*) could be published by Harper & Row, the editors changed it. Sampson says he was told by Woodings that Chomsky had complained to the British publisher and had told the American one that he would sue if those words appeared. Sampson refused to permit his entry to be altered, so, says Sampson, Bullock, Woodings and Harper & Row, bowing before the menace of litigation, substituted a noncontentious entry written by Bullock and Woodings.

After further furious abuse of Chomsky for his intellectual crimes, Sampson concludes his *New Criterion* essay with volleys of scorn for Harper & Row (whose books he announces he will not buy because to do so "would feel too much like spitting on the graves of millions of victims of Nazi and Cambodian genocide") and for Chomsky, who preaches freedom of expression as "an absolute value" but who "rushes to law in order to suppress freedom of expression, when it is a question of the truth about Noam Chomsky."

Peretz Most Foul

Those who read *The New Republic* will know that Martin Peretz has made it one of his peculiar pleasures to heap Chomsky with slanders. The reason for Peretz's hatred is that Chomsky has dared to be critical of Israel, a record in sharp contrast to Peretz's own abject exoneration of every deed perpetrated in that nation's name.

The October issue of *The New Criterion* had not long been in the mail before Peretz hastened to give Sampson's slurs wider dissemination, in the October 29 *New Republic*. Why did Harper & Row move to protect Chomsky's reputation "from his own intellectually and morally reckless acts?" Peretz asked. "One answer, at least, is obvious. Mr. Chomsky, who has often threatened to put himself forward as a free speech absolutist, threatened to initiate libel action."

In fact, it was not obvious at all to anyone innocent of Peretz's vindictiveness. There is one major flaw in all these charges. Chomsky never threatened litigation in any form. He was never in communication with Harper & Row, nor with Fontana/Collins. That is what Chomsky asserts and what is borne out by conversations I have had with all the principals in the case.

Simon King, managing director of Fontana/Collins, has confirmed to me that Chomsky "never wrote to this company, nor threatened legal action." Hugh Van Dusen of Harper & Row says Chomsky never communicated any threat either personally or through an intermediary. Lord Bullock says that in neither of the two letters Chomsky wrote to him did he threaten to sue. And, finally, Sampson acknowledges that he never saw any direct evidence of Chomsky's "rush to law." Adding all this up, we find that Chomsky has indeed been the victim of outrageous lies.

Genealogy of Lies

What went on? In the first place, Sampson was being less than generous with the truth when he wrote in *The New Criterion* that his qualifications for writing about Chomsky were that "I too am a professional linguist with radical political interests" and "in 1979 I published a book analyzing the links between Chomsky's linguistic and political ideas." That book, *Liberty and Language*, is a polemic against Chomsky, seeking to link his linguistic theories with his political views. The word "radical" should be qualified by the fact that in this same book—described in 1981 in the *Journal of Linguistics* as "a right-wing tract" of "no intellectual value"—Sampson *inter alia* extols the "principled liberalism of Margaret Thatcher"; asserts that trade unions should be outlawed, that "there should be no laws forbidding the employment of young children in coalmines" and that British imperialism was justifiable because "Britons only came to rule alien nations in the first place because of the absence in their cultures of the institutions on which a liberal economy depend."

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Chomsky became aware of Sampson's entry in the *Biographical Companion* when it was cited in a letter to a campus newspaper at the University of Victoria, in Canada, denouncing his appearance there as a lecturer on international affairs. (An irony with regard to free speech, which Sampson will presumably savor.) Chomsky wrote two letters to Lord Bullock at St. Catherine's College, Oxford, disputing at considerable length Sampson's assertions about his record on Cambodia and Robert Faurisson's book about the Holocaust, and requesting Bullock to remove "the shameful lies." Chomsky says that he did not even know an American edition of the book was planned and that he hoped the British editors would issue a statement deploring the entry and correct any future editions.

Bullock agrees that Chomsky made no legal threat but admits that he and Woodings were sufficiently impressed by the vehemence of the letters to fear unwelcome legal consequences. (He says that Sampson had not apprised them of his previous controversy with Chomsky.) Woodings says that he forwarded Chomsky's letters to lawyers for Fontana/Collins and for Harper & Row and that these lawyers warned they could be held liable. Bullock, in a separate conversation I had with him, says that at first they proposed to Sampson that the American entry say that Chomsky had "forfeited authority as a political commentator" but that the assertions about Cambodia and the Holocaust be omitted. Sampson refused. Bullock says further that Harper & Row told him the entry could be printed as it stood only if it could be substantiated and that, quite apart from time factors, "I felt no great confidence we could have substantiated" Sampson's charges. At Harper & Row, Van Dusen says that the legal department had told the publishers they would be on shaky ground and that anyway "Chomsky had made . . . a good case on the inaccuracy of Sampson's remarks." The case is simple enough. On the matter of Cambodia, soon after the Khmer Rouge took over, Chomsky had questioned the reporting of what was happening there. To suggest that he was an apologist for Pol Pot is ludicrous. On the matter of the book—another irony with regard to free speech—Chomsky upheld Faurisson's right to free expression. He never endorsed Faurisson's views.

Sampson insists to me that Woodings told him in a telephone conversation that Chomsky had made an explicit written libel threat to Harper & Row. Sampson says that he noted the issuing of this threat in a memorandum of record to Woodings and that Woodings never corrected him. The reader should remember that both Woodings and Bullock have told me that in neither of Chomsky's two letters was there a libel threat.

Hilton Kramer's Failure

When I asked Hilton Kramer, editor of *The New Criterion*, whether he had made any independent effort to confirm Sampson's claim about Chomsky's intellectual censorship, Kramer replied confidently, "Everything Sampson says about the libel suit was confirmed." This is entirely untrue. *The New Criterion* attempted to verify the libel allegation only after Sampson's article appeared, and in reaction to Chomsky's protest. All Kramer had by way of confirmation was Sampson's memo of the conversation with Woodings. Kramer says that a letter of protest from Chomsky will be printed in the magazine's January issue, along with a short comment from Sampson. Sampson tells me that in this comment he maintains that he cannot believe Bullock or Woodings would have misled him and insists on Harper & Row's complicity with Chomsky's censoring proclivities. Sampson has reviewed the statements Bullock and Woodings made to me, as well as Van Dusen's categorical denial, and now acknowledges that his charges of Chomsky's intellectual censorship depended on an unverified remark by Woodings that has turned out to be false. He says he will communicate this new awareness to *The New Criterion*.

But the final fallback position of Sampson and Kramer in seeking to justify their slanders of Chomsky are both mendacious and comical. They now belittle the "censorship" section of Sampson's attack in *The New Criterion*, a distortion obvious at once to anyone looking at the article and its title; and they say that merely by writing in strong terms to Bullock, Chomsky was exercising censorship. This is reminiscent of the British police officers' time-honored technique of kicking their victim savagely until he raises an arm in self-defense, whereupon they charge him with assault of a police officer.

Intellectual Cowardice

What of Peretz? The grotesque distortions of Chomsky's record on Cambodia and on Faurisson aside, there is something peculiarly repugnant in Peretz's charging Chomsky with censorship by legal threat, since he knows very well that Chomsky has disdained suing for libel as a matter of principle. Chomsky told me that if he had not been opposed to such suits he would have become a millionaire many times over just from the libels published in *The New Republic*. Peretz displayed all the courage of someone challenging a pacifist to a duel.

The December 24 issue of *The New Republic* carried an edited version of a letter from Chomsky contradicting Peretz's allegations, and a blustering reply by "the editors" which maintains that the utterly imaginary libel threat had "palpableness," that Chomsky's letters to Bullock were "bullying" and, preposterously, that it is unusual for a publisher to seek legal advice.

Displaying his usual parsimony with the truth, Sampson cited in his *New Criterion* article "Fred Halliday, a leftist political writer," as saying that Chomsky is now a "pariah" in certain quarters. Sampson should have given Halliday's reasons for that conclusion. His unpopularity, wrote Halliday in *New Society* for May 27, 1982, "seems to be a response to the . . . comprehensive critique which he has developed on the assumptions of the foreign policy debate in the United States. . . . Chomsky's critique is directed at three central and sensitive issues—namely, Vietnam, the foreign policy intelligentsia and Israel."

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ARTICLES.

THE HERITAGE REPORT

Another Opening, Another Showcase For the Right

ELSA DIXLER

There they go again. On December 7, the Heritage Foundation, a major New Right think tank, released its latest report, *Mandate for Leadership II: Continuing the Conservative Revolution.* The first *Mandate for Leadership* was touted as a "blueprint for conservative government" when it appeared just days after the 1980 election. Filled with recommendations for trimming down government bureaucracy and beefing up defense, *Mandate* was the most detailed transition plan ever prepared by a group not officially associated with an incoming President. Transition team director Edwin Meese 3d, who had worked behind the scenes with Heritage president Edwin J. Feulner Jr. for a year, accepted a copy on the evening news, and a 1,093-page paperback edition of the twenty-volume report made *The Washington Post*'s best-seller list for three weeks in early 1981.

A comforting bit of liberal wisdom holds that the influence of the right in the Reagan Administration is less than meets the eye. Reagan makes gestures in its direction—supporting constitutional amendments that have no chance of passage, sending a right-to-lifer to a world population conference—but pragmatic Republican bureaucrats and members of Congress, as well as the White House staff, hold the reins. Yet in March 1982 Feulner claimed that the Reagan Administration had adopted 61 percent of *Mandate*'s recommendations. For all the talk about the Rev. Jerry Falwell and his Moral Majority, the Heritage Foundation is probably the single most important outside influence on this Administration—and given the constant flow of its personnel into government, a most important inside one as well.

There are those who insist that Heritage has inflated its clout by taking credit for legislative achievements that would have happened anyway. After all, the Administration and the foundation share many assumptions and goals. Surely social service programs would have been cut without the foundation's urging.

While that is true, the relationship between the Administration and the foundation has been so incestuous that it is hard to tell whose policy is whose. Nowhere was that more apparent than in the intelligence section of the first *Mandate*. As Jay Peterzell of the Center for National Security Studies observed, "Every one of its major proposals is a restatement of policy papers and legislation produced by Reagan supporters over the last year and a half" [see Peterzell, "Unleashing the Dogs of McCarthyism," *The Nation*, January 17, 1981].

Among the recommendations in that section that have found their way into current law and policy, either wholly or in part, whether by executive order or legislative enactment, are the exemption of certain Central Intelligence Agency files from the Freedom of Information Act, revision of Justice Department guidelines to permit surveillance of radical groups that have committed no overt criminal acts, stepped-up domestic bugging and wiretapping, increased funding for C.I.A. covert action and "the restoration of some Congressional body with similar functions" to the old House Un-American Activities Committee, a role the Senate's Security and Terrorism Subcommittee has been playing in a desultory way.

To be sure, the Heritage Foundation preserves its conservative purity by criticizing Administration shortcomings—sort of. Its report *The First Year*, published in 1982, blamed "the Administration's failure to accomplish more" on "personnel." *Mandate II* also has some harsh words for the Reagan team. "Those charged with transportation policy had no vision of a defederalized, market-oriented transportation policy," it says. "The Reagan Administration failed to develop a comprehensive plan for what it wanted to accomplish in agricultural policy and food assistance reform."

The Administration relies so heavily on the *Mandates* partly because of their clarity and thoroughness. The latest one is just under 600 pages long and contains approximately 1,300 specific proposals for the short and the long term. It examines the functioning of each of the Cabinet departments, as well as Social Security, the budget process, the intelligence community and a number of defense and foreign policy issues. Underlying it all is a firm belief in free markets and an obsession with the Communist threat. That focus doesn't blur for an instant.

The recommendations in *Mandate II* should come as no surprise. The two most significant ones—support for the use of paramilitary forces against anti-American governments in Kampuchea, Laos, Vietnam, Angola, Ethiopia, Afghanistan, Nicaragua, Iran and Libya; and the eventual substitution of private "Super-I.R.A." accounts for Social Security and Medicare—have been widely reported. Suggestions in other areas include more weapons for the military, more deregulation in transportation and agriculture, less civil rights enforcement in education and lower Medicaid grants to states with "excessive" health costs. They represent a continuation of both the Heritage Foundation vision and the policies of the Reagan Administration's first term.

The extent to which this blueprint becomes reality will depend on politics, on those branches of the government over which the Reagan Administration has less than complete control. Congress and the judiciary will prevent some of the suggestions from being carried out; Administration debts to various constituencies will impede others.

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Nevertheless, it is an imposing document, and will repay study by anyone who wants to know what the country will be up against. And it makes the reader wonder if anyone on the left is analyzing the programs and functions of the government with such painstaking care, asking probing questions about which programs deserve support and which do not, and coming up with so complete a plan of action. Someone somewhere ought to get started right now on a similar report for the left—a *Mandate for Democracy*.

Postscript. *Mandate II* was not Heritage's only project this fall. It continued to marshal support for the Administration's call for a U.S. withdrawal by January 1 from the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization. In a letter to Heritage Foundation contributors on October 8, Feulner described President Reagan's call for a walkout as "one of the Heritage Foundation's most significant achievements." He urged them to donate to a $75,000 fund to pay for an Emergency Unesco Project, which would "do the line-by-line, paragraph-by-paragraph analysis our Congressional friends need to make their case effectively." Their case opposes a report by the U.S. National Commission for Unesco, which advocates that the United States work for change within the organization.

Heritage has waged the battle against Unesco in a series of articles in its newsletter, "Backgrounder." These have charged the agency and its director general, Amadou Mahtar-M'Bow, with anti-Western and anti-free-market bias, straying from Unesco's constitution, politicizing cultural issues and overspending. The campaign has been effective. Owen Harries, Australian ambassador to Unesco in 1982-83 and currently a John M. Olin Fellow at the foundation, has been widely quoted in the American press on the failings of the United Nations. The State Department's campaign to build support for America's withdrawal from Unesco—outlined a year ago in a confidential memorandum from Assistant Secretary of State for International Organization Affairs Gregory Newell to Secretary of State George Shultz—calls for "articles of support" by "private sector individuals" to be sent to major newspapers and for a letters-to-the-editor campaign.

The success of the Heritage Foundation's attack on Unesco is due to a combination of factors. Its multifarious ties with government officials and journalists account for some of it. So does the energy with which it prepares and distributes its publications and campaigns for its goals. Finally, the laziness of bureaucrats and reporters who accept the Heritage Foundation's definitions of issues and facts rather than doing their own research is a contributing factor. The U.N. Department of Public Information has prepared detailed refutations of various Heritage studies of the United Nations and its agencies, citing numerous inaccuracies and oversimplifications. But many of the "facts" in those studies have made their way into the public debate. If the United States leaves Unesco next year, it will be due in no small part to the Heritage Foundation's efforts. □

Alexander Cockburn on the PRESS.
Andrew Kopkind on the CULTURE WARS.
Stephen F. Cohen on the SOVIET UNION.
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THE U.S. AND MOROCCO

The High Cost of Helping Hassan

SCOTT L. MALCOMSON

In the courtyard of the technical college run by the Polisario Front near the Sahrawi refugee camps outside Tindouf, Algeria, there is a statue made from the exploded shell of an American fragmentation bomb. The students see it every day on their way to and from class. The fragmentation bomb has a special significance for the Sahrawis, the people of the Western Sahara. It is an antipersonnel cluster bomb, a device containing baseball-size minibombs which explode after being scattered over a wide area by the initial detonation. It symbolizes, among other things, the military power the Moroccan government has deployed against Polisario guerrillas since 1975: an army of 80,000 stationed in the Western Sahara and an air force equipped with French Mirage and American F-5 jets against perhaps 10,000 relatively poorly armed guerrillas.

The statue holds another meaning for the students. The shell was made in the United States, which has been Morocco's main source of military, diplomatic and economic support. Morocco is, as its press—and many U.S. journalists as well—repeatedly says, America's "best friend" in North Africa. The Reagan Administration has given Morocco's King Hassan II its uncritical backing. "During the Carter era there was a little comprehension [of our position]," a Polisario representative told me. "But in the Reagan Administration there is no comprehension. There is military spending." Two days after taking office in 1981, the Reagan Administration approved a $182 million sale of tanks to Morocco. Morocco's best-friend status has meant $77 million in military aid this year, down somewhat from the $100 million the country received last year. Those figures are a little misleading, however. According to U.S. diplomatic sources in Rabat, almost all the money is used for maintenance of equipment already purchased. In the past ten years, U.S. military sales to Morocco have amounted to nearly $1 billion.

U.S. support for the war began even before Moroccan forces invaded the Western Sahara, in November 1975. That fiscal year, which began the previous October, military aid to Morocco jumped from $8.2 million to $242 million. The huge increase came when Morocco was still negotiating, presumably in good faith, with Spain over the future status of the Western Sahara, at the time a Spanish colony.

In 1974 Madrid announced a plan calling for handing over power to an autonomous Sahrawi government. That policy was encouraged by a fact-finding mission from the United Nations which visited the area in 1975 and determined that the Polisario Front had the overwhelming support of the 75,000 people indigenous to the area. That same year the International Court of Justice ruled that Morocco had no historical claims to the Western Sahara. In the summer of 1975 Spanish military officials met with Polisario leaders to plan the transition to independence. All that went out the window when Morocco organized the famous Green March, a "peaceful" incursion of tens of thousands of unarmed civilians that November.

Since then, American military aid to Morocco has run the gamut of weaponry, including Northrop F-5s, Cobra and Chinook helicopters, fragmentation bombs, surface attack missiles, radar equipment, howitzers, mortars, light arms and jeeps. American companies have provided most of the equipment, notably radar to monitor "the wall," the series of sand fortifications and observation posts built by Morocco across the desert since 1980. The United States has also provided the necessary funds for training and maintenance.

Recently, the aid has taken the form of large cash grants—a total of $7 million in the current fiscal year, with $15 million slated for 1986. In addition, the U.S. Navy will supervise a $50 million program to refurbish Moroccan air bases for use as transit points for American rapid deployment forces.

Besides military aid, the United States has consistently supported Morocco in its diplomatic battles at the United Nations and the Organization of African Unity against recognition of the Sahrawi Arab Democratic Republic (S.A.D.R.), the state founded by Polisario in 1976 to represent the people of the Western Sahara. The S.A.D.R. has been recognized by sixty countries. Since 1966 the United Nations has passed several resolutions calling for a referendum to determine the wishes of the Sahrawis. Recent resolutions have referred to the Polisario Front as "the representative of the people of the Western Sahara." Morocco claims, however, that it is a puppet of Algeria and has refused to negotiate with it, despite a 1983 O.A.U. resolution exhorting it to do so. Consequently, O.A.U. and U.N. calls for a referendum have so far foundered.

The United States campaigned energetically against the S.A.D.R.'s admission to the O.A.U. After the organization's Secretariat passed a resolution admitting the S.A.D.R. in 1982, the United States circulated a letter to select African countries, calling the move a "grave mistake." Morocco then organized a partial boycott, supported by the United States, of that year's O.A.U. meeting and the S.A.D.R. agreed "voluntarily and provisionally" not to take its seat; to avoid further strife, it did not press its claim the following year. But the issue came to a head at this year's meeting in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, when the organization voted to seat the delegation. At that point, Morocco walked out, joined by Zaire. Although several O.A.U. member states expressed support for Morocco's action at the meeting, a majority backs the Sahrawi Republic.

In the United Nations, prior to 1980 the United States had abstained on resolutions calling for a Western Sahara plebiscite. It was alone among the Western nations

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in voting against the 1981 and 1982 versions.

To justify its claims to the Western Sahara, King Hassan's government relies on two arguments: Morocco has historical sovereignty over the territory, and Polisario is merely a lackey of Algeria. The historical case has few advocates outside Morocco, mainly because there is so little evidence to support it and because the International Court has found no "tie of territorial sovereignty between the Western Sahara and the Kingdom of Morocco."

The contention that Polisario is a tool of Algeria—Polisario guerrillas are referred to as "mercenaries" in the Moroccan press—is only slightly less feeble. True, Polisario could not exist in its present form without the aid and sanctuary Algeria provides. The S.A.D.R. refugee camps are on its soil, and Polisario fighters are based there. Algeria also has an interest in checking Moroccan expansionism; after all, Morocco has claimed some of its territory. However, Algeria has kept a tight rein on the armaments it supplies to Polisario, and that restraint has helped prevent the conflict from escalating. Algeria has also made a point of not allowing Polisario units to cross its border with Morocco. To enter Morocco they must first pass through the Western Sahara.

Indeed, Morocco's charges of Algerian expansionism don't make much sense. In the early 1970s Algeria and Morocco held trade negotiations that promised a lucrative commerce between them. In accordance with O.A.U. rules, Algeria has never claimed any territory beyond its colonial borders; meanwhile, Morocco has, at various times, claimed all of Mauritania, parts of Algeria and a small portion of Mali as part of "Greater Morocco."

There is, finally, no particular Algerian presence in the refugee camps near Tindouf. In light of all this, the allegation, sometimes found in the Western press, that the nine-year Western Sahara war is nothing but a disguised Algerian attempt to gain an Atlantic port seems more than a little ridiculous.

For its part, the United States has argued that Polisario is a front for Libyan troublemaking. That allegation was pretty well shot down when Morocco and Libya signed a treaty of union this summer. Indeed, Libyan military aid to Polisario ended some time ago. One Polisario source said the guerrillas have received no Libyan military aid for more than two years (diplomatic sources place the cutoff point around the spring of 1983, when Col. Muammar el-Qaddafi began sending out feelers to Hassan for a rapprochement).

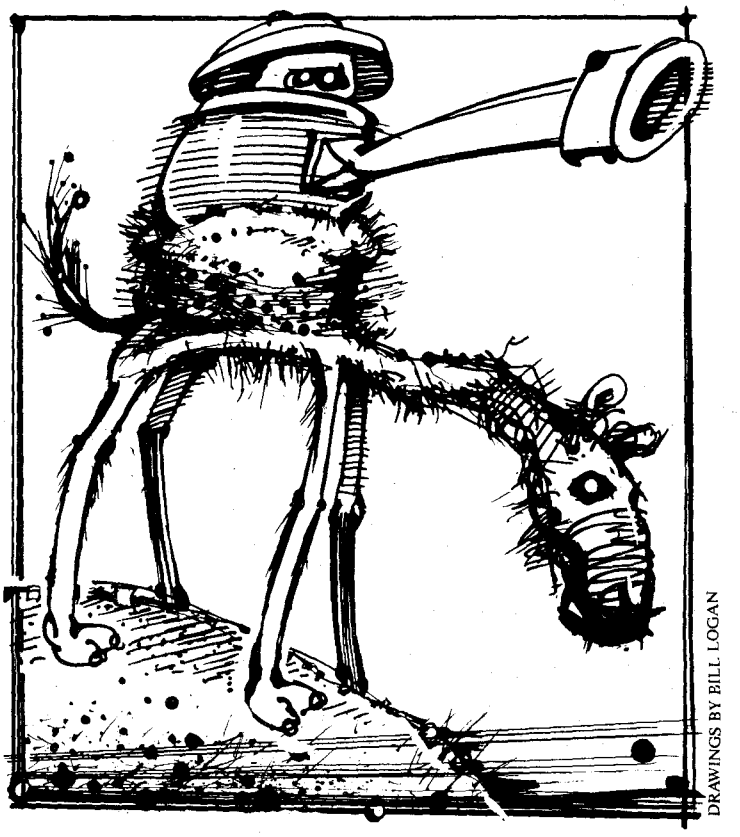
The Administration characterizes King Hassan as a bastion of stability in the region and maintains that Morocco is essential to U.S. national security. Certainly, Hassan likes to portray Morocco as the linchpin of the Free World in North Africa, a bulwark of democracy, although any objective observer of Moroccan elections might disagree. But what is it a bulwark against? Communist infiltration in the Canary Islands? Gibraltar? Málaga? It may be a bulwark against Algeria, which has committed the sin of being a socialist nation. In recent years, however, Algeria has sought better relations with the United States. It took the lead in negotiating the release of the American hostages in Iran, hardly the act of a hostile country that threatens U.S. security.

As for being a force for stability, it was Morocco that invaded the Western Sahara, causing half the population to flee to Algeria, where most of them have lived in tent camps for nine years. And it is Morocco that, with a shaky economy and an $11 billion foreign debt, has pursued a war that by conservative estimates is costing $2 million a day. It is hard to see how backing Morocco against Polisario is conducive to stability in the region.

Beyond the economic costs of military aid, the political price the United States has paid for its support of Morocco has been considerable, especially in the Third World. Now that the S.A.D.R. has taken its seat as a member of the Organization of African Unity, U.S. relations with those countries will deteriorate even further. Morocco's almost total isolation within Africa reflects adversely on its principal backer. Support of Hassan is also criticized by a number of Arab leaders unfriendly to his regime.

Recent developments suggest that the United States is finally recognizing the political liabilities of associating with Morocco. When this year's U.N. resolution came up, it didn't lobby actively for Morocco, and it abstained from the voting.

Such softening of the diplomatic line, however, does little to relieve the plight of the Sahrawi people. For nine years stories of casualties inflicted by American-made bombs dropped from American-made planes have filtered back to the refugee camps. The death of a father or brother gives flesh-and-blood reality to the abstraction of U.S. military aid. And the fighting shows every sign of continuing indefinitely. As an elderly Sahrawi—old enough to speak of the Spanish colonial period as an extended interlude—told me, "We are a people with a long history of warfare. We cannot be beaten by force of arms." □



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MEMO TO THE PEACE MOVEMENT

Time to Beyond Deterrence

TODD GITLIN

Since World War II, the dominant idea about nuclear weapons has been that they serve as a deterrent to major wars, whether nuclear or conventional. The Reagan Administration has even, on occasion, justified the need for a "nuclear-warfighting" strategy on the ground that the ability to "prevail" in a nuclear war is necessary for deterrence. The Russians have held that theory for years.

The Administration's policy, as much as we know about it, is alarming, but it has one virtue: like Ronald Reagan's blithe talk in 1981 about the possibility of "limited nuclear war," it makes vivid the dangers that have long been implicit in the doctrine of perpetual deterrence. The theorists of nuclear-warfighting entrenched in the Reagan Administration hold to the bizarre idea that superpowers not rational enough to prevent nuclear war are rational enough to conduct a "protracted nuclear war."

The theory of deterrence is in a state of crisis. The Pentagon's talk of prevailing is one chilling sign; Reagan's notion of a Star Wars space umbrella, a fantasy to cope with an anticipated failure of deterrence, is another. But crisis has its positive aspect. If deterrence has prevented war, faith in it has also constricted thought. Its apparent success froze political imagination. But that is no longer true. Over the last two years, imagination has thawed in many quarters. The Catholic bishops attacked the morality of deterring Soviet attack by threatening to obliterate Soviet cities. Jonathan Schell criticized the rationality, and thus the credibility, of a strategy that proposes killing Russians after the Americans, whom deterrence was supposed to protect, are already dead. The idea of a freeze on the testing and deployment of any new nuclear weapons system is, for all its limitations, the most sweeping and practical proposal the American peace movement has ever floated. Schell (in his book *The Abolition*) and Freeman Dyson (in *Weapons and Hope*) face the need to go beyond shaky deterrence with proposals for reducing reliance on the bomb and then eliminating it. Skilled advocates of old-fashioned city-busting deterrence—particularly Theodore Draper (in *Present History*) and Leon Wieseltier (in *Nuclear War, Nuclear Peace*)—had to rush to restore credibility to an idea that respectable opinion once took for granted. Far from being the bedrock assumption of all but a handful of peaceniks, deterrence has become an embattled faith. "Deterrence is all we have," Draper has written, almost wistfully—a shriveled faith indeed.

As the partisans of deterrence regroup and the Bundys and McNamaras prepare position papers for future Democratic administrations, it behooves the peace movement to be clear about what is wrong with deterrence as an approach to the problem of preventing nuclear war, and to clarify the alternatives in a way none of the Democratic candidates did this year. With the theory of deterrence in crisis, now is a good time to talk about a vision that can sustain the peace movement through many decades of skirmishes and standoffs, through small victories and seemingly momentous defeats.

The current disarray in deterrence doctrine was provoked by the fact that the United States gradually lost the enormous lead it held in nuclear weapons through the 1960s. For a nation that has never definitively said that it holds to the theory of deterrence, the Soviet Union has learned the practice with a vengeance. It's as if they said, If deterrence is so great, we should acquire our own. In 1962, Nikita Khrushchev tried a shortcut, dropping intermediate-range missiles into Cuba to compensate for the fact that the Soviet Union was out of the running in Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles. After his humiliating capitulation, which helped topple him, the Russians set out to catch up in numbers. Their buildup to a rough parity with the United States was interpreted by Washington as a threat (a "window of vulnerability") to U.S. capacity to launch a retaliatory strike if need be—or, in the more paranoid Reagan view, a threat to launch a first strike. There is an international logic to each twist of the arms race spiral.

Defenders of deterrence, after a ritual sigh about the waste and risk of it all, quickly remind us that the game seems to have worked, despite all the bluster on both sides. Haven't we gone almost forty years without the long-predicted nuclear war? Hasn't the Warsaw Pact stayed behind its lines?

Credit where credit is due: deterrence has, so far, not failed. Nevertheless, security remains a tantalizing and ever-receding goal rather than an accomplished fact. The improvement of deterrent forces has led to an arms race. It *is* the arms race. The longer nuclear war is staved off, the greater the number of nuclear weapons deployed. The more practical the resort to nuclear weapons becomes, the more devastating a nuclear war would be. The smaller and more concealable the weapons, the harder it gets to dismantle them.

The flaw in the doctrine of deterrence is that to work, it has to work perfectly, and it has to work forever. Yet we are talking about a human process; people miscalculate. Nations blunder into war. In their terror and myopia, the superpowers have adopted a system that can succeed only if it works infinitely longer than any social arrangement in history ever has.

Since deterrence works only if it works forever, it is an all-or-nothing proposition, so applying the language of probability to it is misleading. There's a false precision implied in statements like, The chances of nuclear war by accident

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are only one in a million. For that matter, a certain polemical alarm sometimes sounded in the peace movement is equally unjustified: If we don't stop the Pershing 2 (the MX, the cruise . . .), then nuclear war is a certainty by the year 2000. The problem is that we don't know what is going to happen. If the outcome could be catastrophic for humanity, then even a microscopic probability is a curse. Do we feel secure playing Russian roulette if the revolver has a hundred chambers? A thousand?

Deterrence cannot be foolproof. Listening to the true believers in the arms race reminds me of the joke about the man who jumps from the top of the Empire State Building and after passing thirty-nine floors yells out, "So far, so good." Their faith in perpetual deterrence, in fact, is utopian. As a workable vision of the future, it requires forgetting what we know about stupidity, error and evil in high and middling places. Although the timing of deterrence's failure cannot be predicted with certainty, sooner or later, by design or miscalculation or sheer insanity at the top, some of the bombs could go off. When they do, it won't be much consolation knowing that for a brief span of human history, deterrence worked.

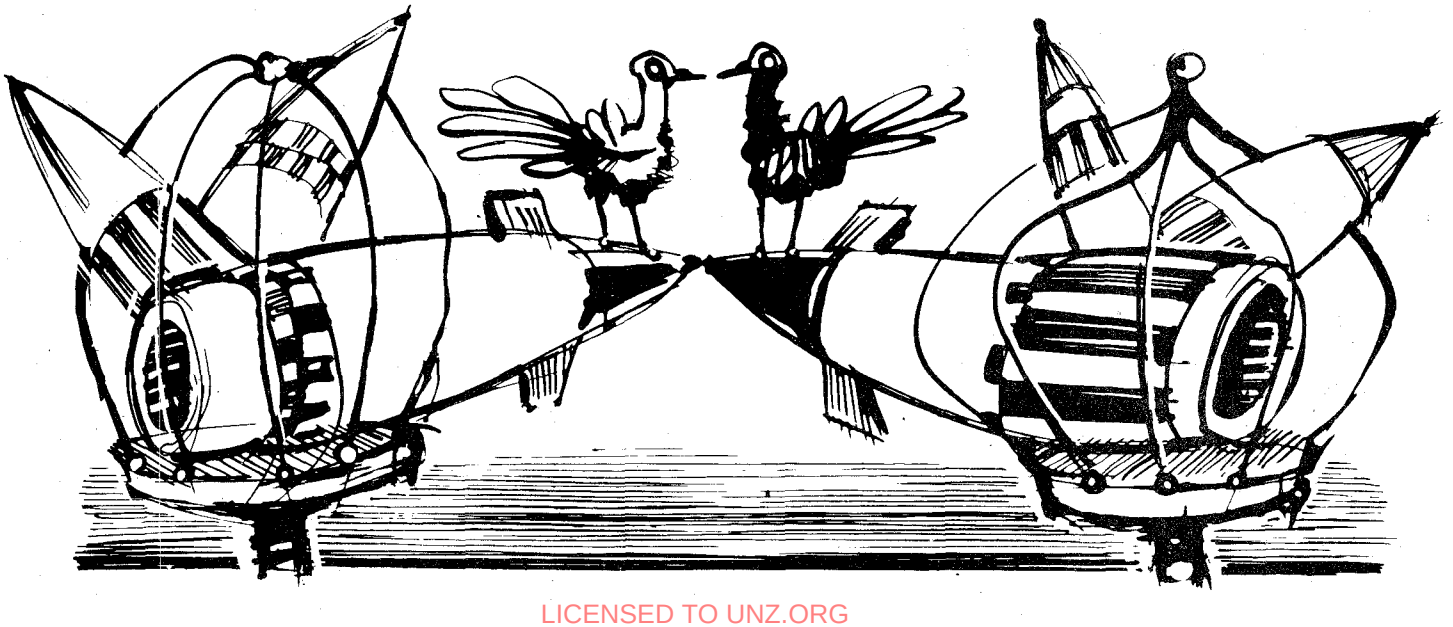
Once you agree that perpetual deterrence is impossible, the question is, How do you make the superpowers discontinue their dance of death? The problem is of transcendent dimension, but the solution has to be found in the realm of politics. And politics always starts with the materials at hand—in this case, two superpowers and their vast fears. On each side not only the rulers but the citizenry thinks that nuclear weapons are the best shield against an enemy that believes the same thing. Many of the fears are understandable if, in the end, misguided and self-serving.

The dynamic of the arms race is the manufacture of fear. In the name of shoring up deterrence, proponents of the arms race on one side fuel the fears of those on the other, and then on it goes in a self-perpetuating spiral. The peace movement's target has to be the arms-racers' symbiotic paranoia.

Disconcertingly, some people in the U.S. antiwar movement are reluctant to hold the Soviet Union accountable. America aggresses, the Soviet Union responds, they say. The United States is condemned; the Soviet Union, explained. Americans are imperialistic; Russians, defensive. Or, more sophisticatedly: Americans have economic motives for imperialism, while the Russians will pull out (as from Egypt) if asked. As if power weren't its own reward! Tell it to Eastern Europe. That is the logic of the cold war, with the black hats and white hats reversed. Innocence about the bloody history of Soviet power weakens the American peace movement, as does the reluctance to say things in public because they "strengthen anti-Communism" and "play into the hands of the enemy." If Soviet missiles don't convince the Americans to disarm, does anyone think that silence about them will do so?

Consider some facts. The Soviet Union has been met with hostility from the West since 1917. It did try to organize the appeasing Western powers into a system of collective security against the Nazis in the 1930s, in vain. After striking a deal with the Nazis it was invaded and did lose at least 20 million people. The Pershings are six minutes from Moscow, and in a sense, the Soviet Union is encircled by U.S. bases. On the other hand, those who sincerely believe in the expansion of democracy do have ample reason to be horrified by the Soviet way of life. Eastern Europe is occupied by Soviet troops. Soviet troops are in Afghanistan. The Warsaw Pact, along with the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, does have forward deployment. The problem is that most Americans are convinced that the proper "response" to those wretched realities is a nuclear buildup and the support of "our" Third World torturers.

If we face the ugly facts instead of ducking them, we can separate Western aversion toward the Soviet system from the wrongheaded militaristic response to it. One can be appalled by Soviet Communism without being paranoid about its military intentions. Since World War II there has never been any serious danger of a Soviet invasion of Western Europe. Most NATO strategists agree that the Warsaw Pact's military advantages, though considerable, fall short



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of what would be needed for a conventional offensive. But although the Russians would be crazy to think they could occupy Western Europe (with their supply lines running through undependable Poland and East Germany), more than one war has been started out of craziness. With NATO and the Warsaw Pact maneuvering against each other, miscalculation and panic are always possible. Each superpower is adept at converting fears into crimes. In international politics, one side's crimes become the other's rationalizations.

Although since 1945 the United States has been the major locomotive pulling the arms buildup, it hasn't led at every stage (in the case of land-based ICBMs, for example), and it is wrong to say it is being aggressive every time it makes a new nuclear toy, while claiming the Soviet Union reacts only defensively. The Soviet Union is, on the whole, a lumbering power but it is also an imperialistic one, and it could lumber into countries besides Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Afghanistan. There is no reason to doubt that the Soviet Union is capable of using nuclear weapons as the United States has—to enhance its international clout. (The United States has more practice at it, but the Russians have threatened the British, the French, the Shah of Iran, Tito and the Chinese with the bomb. On the other hand, only once—during the Cuban missile crisis—did they go on a serious nuclear alert.)

The way to break the dance of death is for either partner to step away. Since we in the U.S. peace movement can make our voice heard best at home, it makes sense that we demand that America be the one: no MX, no Pershing 2s, none of the uninspectable cruise missiles, no forward-based tactical nukes in Europe or Korea, and so on. But we must also oppose, not just understand, every new turn of the superpower spiral.

Internationalism means more than opposition to American missiles, death squads in El Salvador and counter-revolutionary killers in Nicaragua. When the Soviet, Czech, Hungarian, East German or Polish government arrests activists for daring to organize for peace independent of the regime, our expression of solidarity should be immediate. Zdena Tomin, a Czech dissident who works with European Nuclear Disarmament (END) in London, says that the Western movements were "tragically late" in coming to the support of Poland's Solidarity, leaving it to the right—which cheers free trade unions only when they are in the other bloc—to protest the crackdown against it. In fact, while Solidarity was attempting to create a democratic society in Poland, the United States was sabotaging it by planning to install Pershing 2 and cruise missiles in Europe. The hard-line militarism of a Reagan is a gift to the Jaruzelskis of Eastern Europe: a rationale for tightening the screws in a police state. So the circular cold war logic goes on: Eastern European tyranny seems to justify a revived cold war in the West. Détente and democracy are twin victims.

At long last a counterlogic is building. END proposes a "détente from below." As the organization says: "We must commence to act as if a united, neutral and pacific Europe already exists. We must learn to be loyal, not to 'East' or 'West,' but to each other." As dissidents in Poland and Czechoslovakia have learned that Western peace movements are on their side, they have grown friendlier to us. Last year, Petra Kelly of the West German Green Party wore a "Swords into Plowshares" T-shirt during a meeting with East German leader Erich Honecker in East Berlin, although the prohibited symbol was cropped out when her picture was published in the East German press. (Such stories are not reported much by Western journalists, since they fly in the face of the media's prejudice that the peace movement is playing the Soviet game.) The peace movement's commitments must become clear and radiant. A peace movement is known by the enemies it keeps.

It is also known by its demands and its vision. The time has passed when it is sufficient to rail against the existence of nuclear weapons. The freeze, which was successful on ten state ballots and in public opinion, if not in Congress, was an important step: it was concrete. But if every pause in the arms race has to be bilateral, negotiated and inspected, the arms race may have climbed several rungs upward by the time the superpowers agree on just what is to be frozen.

Drawing on the work of thoughtful critics of the arms race, including Schell, Dyson and Randall Forsberg, we can imagine the next steps. The goal is to negotiate the number of nuclear weapons down to zero. All limits on the arms race are good; the fewer weapons enforcing the balance of terror, the better. Therefore the intermediate goal should be reduction to the smallest amount (a few score warheads on each side) that would suffice to make any East-West aggression, nuclear or conventional, enormously risky. Toward that end, the United States should break the ice by backing away from the Carter-Reagan nuclear-warfighting policy and by withdrawing the most vulnerable destabilizing missiles, the Pershing 2 and the MX.

At the same time, since the major argument for U.S. "improvements" in strategic nuclear weaponry is the exaggerated but real conventional superiority of the Warsaw Pact armies in Europe, it is necessary to work for a reduction of military tensions in Central Europe. For that, a combination of unilateral and negotiated moves is required. The United States could begin to withdraw tactical nukes from the front lines in Europe (and Korea), announcing that those will stay withdrawn for a fixed period while the superpowers negotiate an agreement on troop reductions and disengagement in Central Europe. Let the United States proclaim it will not be the first to use nuclear weapons, and, as Dyson has suggested, let NATO emphasize conventional defense—for example, antitank weapons that are useless for attack and cannot be regarded as provocative by the other side. If the terms for disengagement on the Continent can't be agreed on within the time limit, the tactical warheads can always be returned. If Europe is defused, the link between deterrence and the limitless arms race can be snapped and a long-term nuclear and political settlement can emerge.

Is nuclear war inevitable? Despair, propaganda and grim realism obscure the fact that the bomb is a social contraption. In *Weapons and Hope*, Dyson points out that slavery too was long taken for granted. Abolitionists first identified

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it as an evil. Next they campaigned against the slave trade, then against the extension of slavery and finally against the institution itself. They combined immense patience and moral intensity with an ability to make alliances and think in stages. The bomb is harder to fight, in a way, because this minute, it is not annihilating cities. The evil envisaged is prospective, just over the horizon. But that very fact also gives us time.

Many activists become discouraged because they expect too much too fast. The atmosphere is so grim that we forget how bleak it has looked in the past. In 1956 Adlai Stevenson was ridiculed when he dared campaign against H-bomb tests. In 1960 liberals were paralyzed by fear of a nonexistent "missile gap." The fact that today the American Catholic Church lambastes the arms race, that men like Bundy and McNamara oppose the first use of the bomb, is, for all the limitations of their positions, immensely encouraging.

The peace movement has to see itself as a fixture of social life in the far-foreseeable future. The nuclear arms race is powered by deep forces centuries in the making.

To speak of endurance, then, goes to the heart of the matter, which is that rational people trapped in short-term logic think the bomb solves problems. The "realists" are the wishful thinkers. We "utopians" have to take seriously the reasons the great powers make their homes at the edge of the precipice, and we have to find the safer terrain on which realism and vision meet. □

Intelsat

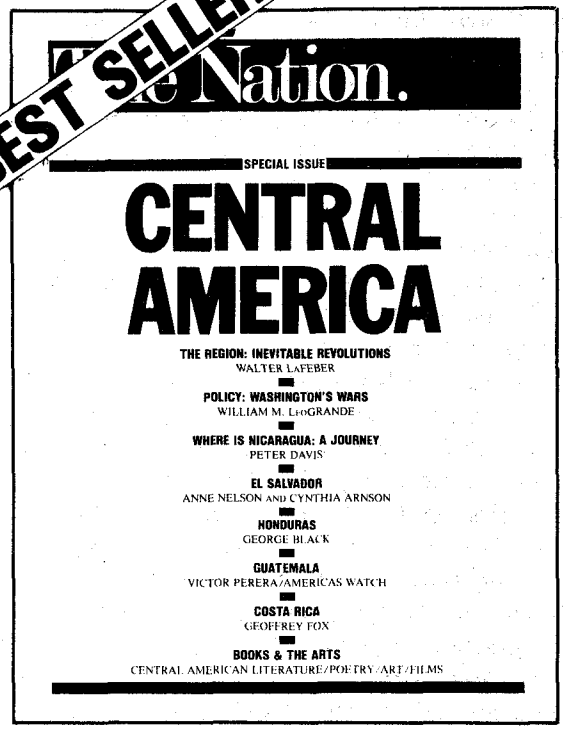
(*Continued From Front Cover*)

Europe and the United States), sharply reduce overseas transmission costs and maintain U.S. leadership in the satellite communications market.

But Intelsat, which has a de facto monopoly on overseas satellite communications, asserts that its facilities are more than adequate to meet the international needs of U.S. businesses. Moreover, it claims that the newcomers would lure away traffic on the most lucrative trans-Atlantic routes, forcing the organization to raise its rates on lightly used routes to developing countries. (About 50 percent of Intelsat's revenues are earned on just 10 percent of its routes.) Thus, for many countries, the American company's proposals raise the specter of a fragmented international satellite network, with private satellite "condominiums" for the rich and increasingly expensive Intelsat leases for the poor.

But more than economics is involved in the current controversy. By offering all countries equal access to a single satellite system, financed chiefly by private American capital, Intelsat has been able to establish valuable communications links with the vast majority of developed and developing countries, thereby confining the only alternative

Gregory C. Staple is a communications lawyer in Washington.



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worldwide satellite system, Intersputnik, to the Soviet Union and its allies.

Today, Intelsat's fifteen satellites provide service through 650 "gateway" earth stations (ground antennas) to more than 150 countries. In 1983 the system handled more than $5 trillion in electronic fund transfers and connected roughly 1 billion telephone calls—about a quarter of them to and from the United States, which has approximately 38 percent of the world's 290 million telephone subscribers. Intelsat satellites also carried live television coverage of the "free enterprise" Olympics from Los Angeles to a world audience of more than 2 billion people.

Because of the central role Intelsat plays in transmitting international voice, data and video services, the controversy over competing U.S. satellite systems has become part of the larger North/South dispute between industrialized and developing countries over the world's information resources. A modern telecommunications system is widely viewed as one of the most powerful engines of economic progress. The International Telecommunications Union (I.T.U.), a U.N. overseeing body in Geneva, has estimated that as much as half the world's population still is not "within reasonable walking distance—2 hours there and 2 hours back—from an ordinary telephone." For many developing countries, therefore, the acquisition of modern telephone exchanges and the satellite links necessary to connect them with the rest of the world has assumed a growing urgency. These countries are concerned that Intelsat may be destabilized by the United States just as they are beginning to enjoy its benefits.

What touched off this critical policy debate on Intelsat was the formation of a novel American company, the Orion Satellite Corporation. Founded by Thomas V. McKnight and Christopher J. Vizas, two Washington lawyers who became consultants after leaving their jobs with the Federal government, Orion first made headlines in March 1983 by asking the Federal Communications Commission for authorization to place two satellites in orbit over the Atlantic Ocean by 1987. Before Orion, no American company had directly challenged the U.S. commitment to route all basic overseas satellite communications traffic via Intelsat and its U.S. representative, the Communications Satellite Corporation (Comsat).

In contrast to Intelsat, which leases its facilities as a common carrier, Orion proposes to sell its satellite communications circuits as condominiums to prospective customers. Orion also proposes to let its customers construct earth station facilities wherever they desire, so as to permit direct rooftop-to-rooftop service between Europe and North America via dish antennas linked to the satellite. That would eliminate the need for the present expensive connecting loops to gateway earth stations. The company estimates the cost of its two-satellite system (with a spare on the ground) at $250 million.

To understand better the advantages Orion expects to enjoy vis-à-vis Intelsat, some background is helpful. Behind the regular overseas telephone and telex contacts with Europe and the Middle East, which many Americans take for granted, lies an extremely complex set of international agreements and pricing policies—arrangements which, prior to Intelsat, were dictated by a few Western countries (mainly Great Britain and France) which controlled undersea cable landing rights.

Before a New York-to-London telephone call crosses the Atlantic, it must traverse an intricate series of landline and microwave links to an international switching center. Depending on customer preference and circuit availability, the communication is then routed to a cable head end or to an earth station owned by a group of international carriers and Comsat. If the call goes to an earth station, it is transmitted ("uplinked") to one of Intelsat's satellites orbiting above the Atlantic Ocean and then retransmitted ("downlinked") to a gateway station owned by British Telecommunications (B.T.), where it is switched over another set of terrestrial paths to a London telephone exchange. Before 1965, when Intelsat's first satellite, Early Bird, was launched, the only direct telephone service from the United States to Europe (or to Africa and the Middle East) was via undersea cable.

Each link in the New York-to-London transmission chain gives rise to a separate charge for consumers. Intelsat charges B.T. and Comsat, the only U.S. company authorized to deal directly with the consortium, $390 a month for each telephone half-circuit between an earth station and one of its satellites. Because Intelsat is required to average its rates, the charge is the same whether the circuit links the United States and Great Britain, or Bolivia and Mali. Comsat, in turn, leases the Intelsat half-circuits at gateway stations to international carriers like A.T.&T. and R.C.A. for $1,060 a month. The carriers lease individual lines to their best customers for telephone, telex and other services for $2,000 to $3,000 a month.

Thus, although the cost of transmitting the New York-to-London telephone call is remarkably cheap (about $1.08 per hour), the cost of the earth station and terrestrial loops increases the cost roughly eightfold. Those additional costs—the charges added by companies like Comsat and B.T. throughout the world—are mainly what Orion claims it can save large customers by enabling them to communicate directly with one another via rooftop dish antennas.

Orion was not alone in recognizing that private international satellites make economic sense for large users. Spurred by the Reagan F.C.C.'s deregulatory agenda, more established companies began to bid for the international satellite market. The next contender, in August 1983, was International Satellite Inc. (I.S.I.). Four more companies followed suit within the year.

Like Orion, I.S.I. proposes to launch a two-satellite system for specialized trans-Atlantic services. Unlike Orion, however, which does not consider its condominium plan to be in competition with Intelsat, I.S.I. addressed the political implications of its proposal head-on. To meet America's legal obligations to Intelsat, I.S.I. says, the Administration should first comply with the nonbinding consultation procedures contained in Article XIV(d) of Intelsat's basic charter. That provision requires any consortium member that in-

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troduces a non-Intelsat satellite system to show that it is "technically compatible" with Intelsat's "use of the radio . . . spectrum and orbital space" and will "avoid significant economic harm" to the global system. The question of whether I.S.I. and other companies can meet the two-part requirement has generated considerable controversy.

To satisfy the "technically compatible" criterion, the new companies have selected radio frequencies and orbital locations that are not being used. In the face of increasing concern about the scarcity of geosynchronous orbital slots, Orion et al. have also pressured the F.C.C. to register their plans in advance with the International Telecommunications Union, which maintains a list of frequencies to prevent destructive interference between nations. But Intelsat has criticized these American filings as "pre-emptive." Earlier this year, at Colino's urging, the organization's members overrode U.S. objections and voted to advise the I.T.U. that the consortium planned to use one or more of the orbital slots proposed by the Americans.

The geosynchronous orbit—22,300 miles above the Equator—provides a critical parking place for communications satellites because satellites at this altitude, orbiting the earth at the same rate as the earth rotates, in effect become stationary antennas for relaying communications. Equitable access to that orbit has, since the late 1970s, thus been one of the most insistent demands of developing nations and is a key subject of a World Administrative Radio Conference to be held next summer in Geneva. The rules that determine whether Intelsat, the United States or another country can use a given orbital slot may well be hammered out at that conference.

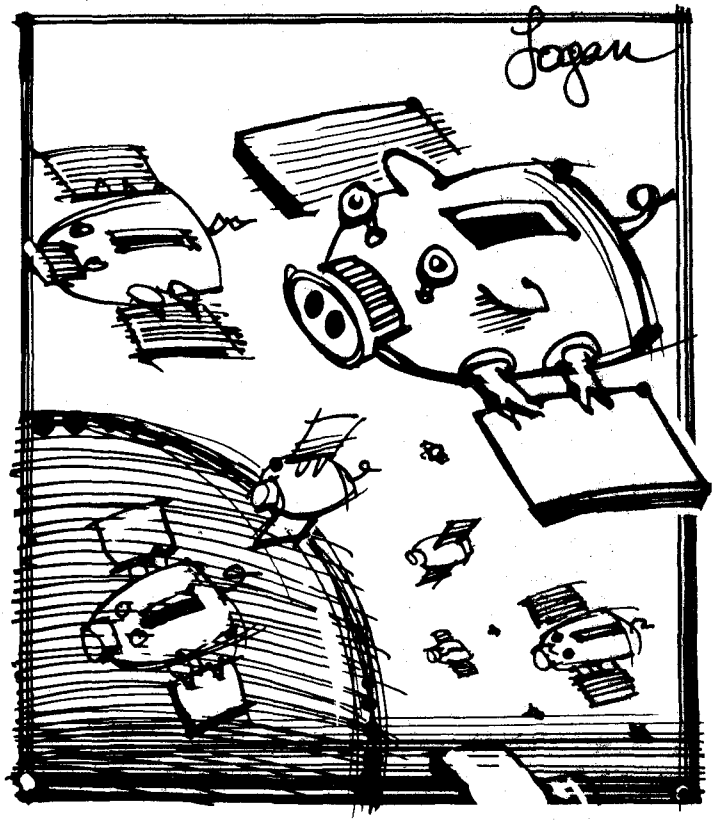
The second requirement of Article XIV(d)—showing the absence of significant economic harm to Intelsat—also has generated conflicting claims. The new entrants argue that they will not injure Intelsat because, by and large, they will not offer overseas telephone service, which provides about 75 percent of its revenue. I.S.I. claims that at most its system would divert about 0.5 percent per year of Intelsat's revenue. The organization disputes those assertions. A comprehensive study by its own consultants shows that Orion and I.S.I. alone could divert as much as 30 percent of Intelsat's revenue if the full circuit capacity of their satellites was used.

The broad range of communications, trade, defense and foreign policy issues raised by the Orion and I.S.I. proposals led the Administration in mid-1983 to ask the F.C.C. to withhold action on these applications pending review by an interagency task force. But as a result of months of bureaucratic infighting between the State Department, which appears sensitive to Intelsat's basic mission, and the Commerce Department, which seems most interested in the commercial benefits competition may bring U.S. multinationals, the task force's work was not approved by President Reagan until this November. Moreover, although the President concluded that separate international satellite systems were "in the national interest," the F.C.C. was asked to bar new satellites from providing public telephone service and to require that Article XIV(d)'s consultation procedure be followed with Intelsat for each satellite system. In short, although the President's policy gives the go-ahead for Orion et al., it is an amber light, not a green one.

Nevertheless, in anticipation of growing competition, Intelsat has begun to take a more aggressive role in the marketplace and to reassess its strategy. To demonstrate its sensitivity to Western corporate interest in flexible "single-hop" communications links, Intelsat has expanded its business services by positioning one of its new satellites over the Atlantic instead of the Indian Ocean. In addition, it has announced more than one hundred cable television and broadcast offerings designed to facilitate multicountry networking.

To complement those economic initiatives, Intelsat has started a lobbying campaign. Following Colino's confirmation as director general, several influential Washington law firms were hired to advance the organization's case before Congress and the Administration. Gray and Company, a powerful Washington public relations firm (Robert Gray, its founder, is a key Reagan supporter; Alejandro Orfila, who heads its international division, is former Secretary General of the Organization of American States) was placed on a $120,000 retainer.

Intelsat has also solicited support from Hughes Aircraft, the $642 million prime contractor for the newest generation of Intelsat satellites, as well as from Ford Aerospace, the group's other major supplier. And to counter proponents of laissez-faire in the Administration, two former State Department officials, Phillip Trezise and Bert Rein, were commissioned separately to address the political problems the United States might face if it tries to implement new trans-Atlantic satellite systems unilaterally.



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Rein's 103-page study cautions against U.S. efforts to press competitive satellite services on European allies, given the foreign policy problems the Carter Administration faced in deregulating international airline services. International aviation, like telecommunications, notes Rein, requires cooperation among sovereign governments, each of which has the exclusive right to regulate services within its territory. Accordingly, Rein concludes that the United States risks a serious confrontation, which could disrupt existing communications services and boil over into next year's critical satellite conference in Geneva, unless foreign operating agreements are negotiated with the Europeans before the United States licenses any new trans-Atlantic satellite systems. Significantly, Rein's basic advice—that one or more overseas governments agree to the new satellite systems in advance—was accepted by the Administration in its recommendation to the F.C.C.

As alternatives to Intelsat proliferate, however, there are signs that the Administration may use them as "bargaining chips" to reform the global organization. In particular, it seems likely that the United States will use the threat of competition to seek renegotiation of the rate averaging principle written into Article V of the charter. That would mean lower charges on the trans-Atlantic and trans-Pacific routes, most heavily used by the United States and its major trading partners. Many countries believe that any such departure from Intelsat's cooperative pricing practices would hinder the consortium's ability to underwrite the development of Third World communications systems.

There are strong political reasons, therefore, for the United States to approach any economic reform of Intelsat gingerly. By providing the vast majority of developing countries joint access to increasingly valuable orbital slots, Intelsat deflects the more radical claims of some equatorial countries that are demanding control over the geostationary orbit arcing above their territory. Especially on the eve of the 1985 radio conference, it would be counterproductive for the United States to antagonize Intelsat's large constituency in the developing world.

The high technology of satellite communications, nevertheless, has been a mixed blessing. On the one hand, satellites have allowed many countries in Africa and the Middle East to break the communications monopolies on international traffic held by their former European rulers. In pre-Intelsat days, telephone calls from Abidjan, Ivory Coast, to Dakar, Senegal, went via Paris; calls from Lagos, Nigeria, to Nairobi, Kenya, were routed through London, and so forth. Vestiges of such "communications colonialism" remain. A.T.&T. routes U.S. telephone calls to Angola via Portugal, which receives a 20 percent cut of the toll charges; U.S. calls to Benin are routed via France, which receives roughly $3 for a routine three-minute call.

On the other hand, as compared with cables, satellite communication facilities are quite vulnerable. During the Iran hostage crisis, the U.S. National Security Council seriously considered disabling Iran's Intelsat earth station outside Hamadan before cooler heads prevailed. Likewise, as documented by James Bamford in *The Puzzle Palace*, even when it is encrypted, satellite traffic can be intercepted readily and probably provides the United States and its rivals with some of their best intelligence. (To combat such electronic eavesdropping, the Reagan Administration recently proposed that government agencies and major U.S. corporations be equipped with thousands of sophisticated telephones for scrambling sensitive conversations.) Thus, for any country, dependence on satellite facilities has its risks.

It is likely, however, that far more mundane economic considerations will determine the fate of Orion and other entrepreneurial satellite companies. International communications traffic is growing at only about 11 percent annually, and Intelsat is operating at only 50 percent of capacity. Moreover, in 1988, A.T.&T. and a consortium of foreign carriers will bring into service a fiber-optic trans-Atlantic cable known as TAT 8, which will provide up to 38,000 circuits. In addition, two new American companies—Tel-Optic and Submarine Lightwave Cable—have announced plans to lay across the Atlantic at least three fiber-optic cables with a total capacity many times that of TAT 8. For security-minded corporations and users of high-speed digital data communications, such cables are likely to be preferred.

Given those developments, some industry observers believe there is a fairly short period, roughly 1986-92, when independent trans-Atlantic satellites would be profitable. After that, the market could pass them by.

But Intelsat is taking nothing for granted. Because the Reagan Administration seems committed to guaranteeing large U.S. corporations the same kind of competitive options for overseas communication—whether by cable or by satellite—that they enjoy at home, Intelsat is bracing itself for a protracted struggle. Many of its members fear the organization's central mission is at stake. If the Administration succeeds, they say, Intelsat will soon be transformed from a progressive global communications cooperative into one of several regional satellite companies increasingly forced to cater to the "have-not" countries of the world: in short, a satellite system for the poor. Although the satellite consortium's concerns may not be front-page news yet, as international digital data streams begin to rival the economic importance of the flow of oil, it seems likely that the politics of Intelsat will soon be as closely watched as the politics of OPEC are today. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Reviewmanship

RICHARD LINGEMAN

Book reviewing pays so little it is difficult to see why anyone does it. Unless you are one of a handful of full-time critics and literary editors with the dwindling number of publications that provide regular coverage of books, it is impossible to make a living at it. What is too rarely understood, however, is that book reviewing offers fringe benefits that far outweigh the monetary rewards. It should not be regarded as the *Ding an sich* but as a means to career advancement. That is where Reviewmanship comes in.

What is Reviewmanship? It is a body of techniques that enable one to mobilize the book review in the service of personal objectives. Practitioners of Reviewmanship recognize that the primary purpose of reviewing a book is to display one's talents, punish an enemy or achieve power.

An example will illustrate the rewards. Professor Y was spinning his wheels in the nontenure track at a large Midwestern university. While attending a Modern Language Association convention he learned that a plum associate professorship in his specialty (nineteenth-century American literature) would open up soon at a top-flight Eastern university. Professor Y had amassed an impressive list of credits in a number of obscure scholarly journals, but he needed a public splash to bring him wider attention within the profession. What he needed, in short, was a Strategic Attack, or in Reviewmanship terms, a big fat book to bash.

He laid his plans carefully, first assiduously combing the lists of forthcoming books in *Publishers Weekly*. After a few months, his vigil was rewarded with a target: *Prometheus Unbound: Melville, Hawthorne and Nineteenth-Century Industrialism*, by Professor Z, a well-known scholar. Having heard that the editor of a certain influential journal held strong neoconservative views, Y submitted a review in which Professor Z was portrayed as an exemplar of the antibusiness temper in academe (actually, Y was himself a lapsed 1960s radical who had written his doctoral thesis on Marxist criticism). The review fluttered the dovecotes of academe, thanks to a generous dissemination of tear sheets by Y, and stamped its author as an academic *macher*. After that, it was simply a matter of obtaining a glowing letter of recommendation from his head of department, whom Y had had the good fortune to catch *in flagrante delicto* with a young female student. Soon he was speeding along the tenure track at that leading Eastern university.

Professor Y's success shows what an adept Reviewman can achieve. He employed one of Reviewmanship's basic techniques—the Inwood-Hill Overwhelm, named after the late Desmond Inwood-Hill, D.Litt. Oxon., O.B.E., of Elsinore University who, in his heyday, when his anonymous reviews in *The Times Literary Supplement* terrorized the history profession, was known as "the Phantom of the *T.L.S.*" Put most simply, the I-H Overwhelm consists of an essay that, beyond a brief, condescending mention, completely ignores the book under consideration.

The beauty of the I-H Overwhelm is that it allows one to criticize a book about which one has nothing to say. In Professor Y's case, it would have been impossible to fault Professor Z's scholarship, so he used the book as a springboard for an attack on the allegedly radical views of English professors, while portraying himself as an embattled maverick, albeit one who was echoing the economic views of 90 percent of the people who endow university chairs. (The voice-in-the-wilderness ploy has, of course, been used quite effectively for years by such conservative publicists as George Gilder and Ben Wattenberg. Students of Reviewmanship are watching this related field closely to see what new techniques its leading figures will develop now that their ideas have been adopted at the highest levels of government, with dismaying results.)

An alternative to the I-H Overwhelm is the Gottschalk Pickoff, after Siegfried Gottschalk, 1832-1924, professor of logomachy at Niebelungen University in Cologne. Rather than drowning the book in irrelevancies, one seizes upon errors of fact and inflates them into major criticisms. The traditional reviewer, of course, cites the mistakes and moves on, muttering something about corrections in the next edition. The Reviewman, however, is playing an entirely different game. He knows that every work of nonfiction is bound to contain some errors, but to him they are the tiny grains in the oyster that produce pearls beyond price. It is his great gift to transmute minor slips into major lapses that undermine an entire work.

Had Professor Y adopted this strategy, he would have read Z's book with a gimlet eye. Professor Z was a formidable opponent, so let us assume that Y found only two mistakes in *Prometheus Unbound*: misnaming Nathaniel Hawthorne's sister and wrongly identifying the nature of the business pursued by Herman Melville's father. Quite trivial to be sure but in the hands of the consummate Reviewman, pure gold. Professor Y might have written, for example:

> One's confidence in Professor Z's scholarship begins to erode, however, when he identifies Herman Melville's father, Pierre, as a wheat factor. Actually, the elder Melville dealt exclusively in rye. This may seem a minor matter, but it is not. Dealers in wheat would have looked optimistically westward to the moving frontier, where the land was best adapted for wheat growing, rather than to the dying farms of New England, where most of the rye was cultivated. Thus, Professor Z's entire analysis of Herman's unresolved Oedipus complex and revolt against his father must be declared suspect.
>
> Then one notes with growing alarm that the author has misnamed Hawthorne's younger sister as Pearl. We must question Professor Z's entire argument that *The Scarlet Letter* is a premature feminist text exemplifying the darker incestuous longings embraced in the concept of "sisterhood."

By now the student of Reviewmanship has probably grasped its main elements. It remains only to acquaint him with some of the other stratagems, all battle-tested in bygone literary wars.

§ *The Van Camp Crib.* Named for Stokley Van Camp, a Manhattan-based freelance writer who flourished in the 1950s before retiring to a sinecure with the Jay Gould Foundation, this gambit enables a generalist to comment intelligently on subjects he knows nothing about. Assigned a lengthy study of the

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Administration of James K. Polk, Van Camp immediately perceived that he was out of his depth. Recognizing that his problem called for desperate measures, he read the entire book. He then wrote an erudite essay on Polk and his times using information drawn entirely from the book but presented as his own. Naturally, he took pains to sprinkle the notice with a few quotations from the author and to praise her lavishly. But the net impression was that Van Camp was a veritable polymath.

§ *The Avant-Garde Dismiss.* Useful for establishing one's authority in the area of fiction, this device is essentially a mental set that enables one to consign to oblivion any writer who does not write like, say, Samuel Beckett. Thus the critic may peremptorily dismiss all novels with plot, setting and characterization. The danger of the Avant-Garde Dismiss is, of course, that those who employ it might be branded as recherché. The rewards, though, are considerable, not only in time saved but in the prestige one acquires in small but powerful literary circles.

§ *The Sly Thrust.* This stratagem requires a minimal talent for puns and pseudo-epigrams. Pioneered by Dorothy Parker ("*The Body Beautiful* is the play lousy"), it was practiced by reviewers at *Time* for many years and consists of twists on the author's name or the title of the book. A few examples:

> "In *Ten North Frederick* the philandering hero leaves his young, beautiful mistress, returns to his dreary wife and proceeds to drink himself to death—a form of O'Hara Kiri."
>
> "[Any novel about coal-miners] is the pits."

(An example of the indispensable Last-Line Put-Down. If one can think of a cutting punch line—ideally, before having read the book—the review is as good as written.)

> "The final scenes of *Dr. Zhivago* seemed to have been composed with one eye on the box office—as though the author had undergone a name-change from Boris to Joe Pasternak."
>
> "*The Name of the Rose* will endure as long as books are unread."

The main virtue of this technique is that it enables one to display one's own cleverness, thus upstaging the author—a fundamental objective of Reviewmanship.

§ *The Stepford Counterpunch.* Lawrence Stepford was a critic affiliated with the influential literary journal *Upper West Side Review.* He made a considerable reputation by writing resoundingly negative critiques of books that had been praised to the skies. A former colleague has described his methods:

> Larry had an uncanny instinct for a certain kind of book—the big, heavy or pretentious novels that set the critical pack barking for joy. The *By Love Possesseds* and the *Pale Fires*—you know the kind of thing. After spotting them on the front page of *The New York Times Book Review* he would bide his time. Then at the perfect cultural moment he would strike. It was all in the timing. He was like a surfer who could sense when the critical wave had crested. He knew that if you make your move too soon, you look like a fool, while if you wait too long, nobody cares anymore. Timing—that was Larry's secret. That and the instincts of a Jack the Ripper.

These then are some of the basic techniques of Reviewmanship. Study them, practice them. Once mastered, they will serve you on every conceivable literary occasion—whether it is punishing an enemy, rewarding a friend or winning favor with a patron. To paraphrase Dr. Johnson, "A man is a blockhead who writes a book review only for money." Or in the words of Inwood-Hill, "Criticism is a jealous master; the Reviewman's gift is to make it a faithful servant." □

Our Holiday Lists

VICTOR NAVASKY

E.L. Doctorow has done it again. In *Lives of the Poets* (Random House, $14.95) he has explored/invented/discovered a new genre-frontier—six short stories and a novella that is their skeleton key. He has, in other words, imagined something novel. As Roger Wilkins noted in a *New York Times* Op-Ed piece on another matter, Doctorow "describes brilliantly the psychic discomfort of well-off New Yorkers who rub shoulders daily with the angry and hopeless offspring of the black and brown poor." Although he has dared not to revisit past triumphs, what is distinctive here is characteristic of much of his work—the mix of high style and wit with a grubby and unfashionable concern for social justice.

Two unusual social histories come in the guise of biography: Patricia Bosworth's *Diane Arbus* (Knopf, $16.95), a cinematic tour of the demimonde of photographers and photography, and Elinor Langer's *Josephine Herbst: The Story She Could Never Tell* (Atlantic/Little, Brown, $19.95), which recreates the political, cultural and sexual journey of this extraordinary radical in the first half of the century.

Closer to home there are Calvin Trillin's *Killings* (Ticknor & Fields, $14.95), written in perfect pitch; Studs Terkel's *"The Good War"* (Pantheon, $19.95), irresistible to anyone brought up on the home front during World War II; and Norman Dorsen's *Our Endangered Rights: The ACLU Report on Civil Liberties Today* (Pantheon, $22.50, paper $11.95), a useful audit of where we are, and aren't.

RICHARD LINGEMAN

In lists such as these the preliminaries may be dispensed with, so without further ado and scarcely loath (as Jack Benny and Abe Burroughs, respectively, used to say), here is a smattering of worthy titles. Studs Terkel, the man with the golden ear, has once more heard the American heartbeat in his latest oral history compilation, *"The Good War"* (Pantheon, $19.95). While the memories of World War II survivors amplified through the magic of Terkel's tape recorder may be accurate on specific events, they are also silted over with the alluvium of forty-odd years. In a way, that makes them more valuable: we have the past speaking to the present, with each interviewee as medium. And so the look back is full of rue and tears and horror—like the talk after "last call" in the American Legion bar at 3 o'clock in the morning. If that was the good war . . .

At least it was a necessary one, which cannot be said for the Vietnam War which the sons of the Big Band generation had to fight. Joe Klein's *Payback* (Knopf, $17.95) tells what happened to five marines who had served in the same company once they returned to "the world," tracking them through breakdowns, divorces, wrong turns and, in some cases, episodes of psychotic violence. But the ultimate message of

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the book is the healing process of the human spirit, the inner grace that is vouchsafed to most of us. Another good book on that theme is Wallace Terry's *Bloods* (Random House, $17.95), a straightforward compilation of oral histories of black vets. They present the spectrum of views about the war, from "We should have won it" to "It was a horrible waste," but the cumulative picture that emerges is of young men who went out to prove themselves and got their ideals caught in a killing machine.

"The Good War" is at times a kind of secret people's history; Peter Gay's elegantly written *Education of the Senses* (Oxford, $25) presents a bevy of Victorian secret lives. His ambitious project is nothing less than a sexual history of the nineteenth century in the West. He does not succeed (and who could), but through an analysis of art, intimate diaries, sex manuals and the like, he does limn a convincing, if unsurprising, portrait, which supports my hypothesis that our parents and grandparents were almost as sexually active as we are. They just talked about it less.

Let me mention, quickly, some worthy civic reading: Strobe Talbott's *Deadly Gambits* (Knopf, $17.95), Raymond Bonner's *Weakness and Deceit* (Times Books, $16.95), Harvey Cox's *Religion and the Secular City* (Simon & Schuster, $16.95), Janet Malcolm's *In the Freud Archives* (Knopf, $11.95) and Freeman Dyson's *Weapons and Hope* (Harper & Row, $17.95), which will inform you about arms talks, El Salvador, fundamentalists, psychiatrists and nuclear war, respectively.

In a literary vein: Eudora Welty's *One Writer's Beginnings* (Harvard, $10) glows with luminous childhood memories, and Alfred Kazin's *An American Procession* (Knopf, $18.95) is a passionate meditation on the lives and works of the great naysayers of American literature.

ELIZABETH POCHODA

For Christmas Eve, a sad and grisly tale—Jonathan Kwitny's *Endless Enemies: The Making of an Unfriendly World* (Congdon & Weed, $19.95). Here in patriotic prose laced with the sentiments of Calvin Coolidge capitalism, a *Wall Street Journal* reporter details the lurid bits of foreign policy intrigue that have earned us such glowing resentment in all corners of the world. This perversely pleasurable reading inspired one reviewer to declare, "Kwitny's book deserves to be bought in carload lots during an election year by a citizenry determined to preserve its own freedom, prosperity and instinct for simple decency." I quote these lines because they appeared in an advance copy of the *Newsweek* review mistakenly sent out to the book's publishers; nothing resembling this sentiment can be found in the tepid rewrite that limped forth several weeks later. But apart from its poor treatment in our two major newsweeklies, where foreign-policy reporting seems a wholly owned subsidiary of foreign-policy-makers, the response to *Endless Enemies* has been overwhelmingly enthusiastic.

Milan Kundera's *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* (Harper & Row, $15.95) has also found its readers which pleases me, as I worry when I see the medicinal terms in which Eastern European writers are customarily praised. I can't imagine why this should be so. Kundera's books are funny; his philosophy is offered up in a spirit of polemical playfulness even if its high spirits eventually bring us to tears. Perhaps it was the large and somewhat misleading excerpt in *The New Yorker* that put reviewers on the wrong trail. There, for some reason, the pleasures of the book's remarkable opening were curiously truncated: the humorous references to Robespierre and Hitler were excised and the edge removed from the narrator's voice.

Toward the end of *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* there are three crisp chapters on kitsch which find their American counterpart in Max Apple's *Free Agents* (Harper & Row, $14.50). Apple possesses a freakish ability to sniff out kitschiness in unexpected places—for instance, in the world-weariness of American postmodernism, with its humorless kidding around and its deliberate confusion of realms. By contrast, the pieces in *Free Agents*, both fiction and non-, are resolutely friendly, redemptive and witty. The book has the unusual feel of a personal and handmade product.

William McPherson's *Testing the Current* (Simon & Schuster, $15.95) retrieves the prewar era of Midwestern innocence and culpability which I never thought would find its way into fiction. I'm sure I'd have admired it even if it weren't an uncanny replica of the world that preceded the one I grew up in. As for that second world of postwar heartland kitsch, there is nothing to be said that hasn't been covered in the minor masterpiece *Square Meals*, by Jane and Michael Stern (Knopf, $17.95). Milky Way Cake, Tuna Noodle Casserole, Perfection Salad. Cool comfort.

MARIA MARGARONIS

Working in *The Nation*'s book department produces a certain sympathy for Tantalus in his undrinkable paddling pool: the more books pour in around our ankles, the less time there seems to be to read enough of them. From this year's plenty, I most loved Nathalie Sarraute's *Childhood* (George Braziller, $14.95), a dialogue with herself about her early years in Paris and St. Petersburg. The writing is so eloquent, observant and exact that it brings back all the secret childhood knowledge that most of us swear never to forget, but always do. Christopher Hitchens's *Cyprus* (Quartet, $15.95) is a powerful gesture against forgetting of a different kind. His passionate and scrupulous analysis of the way foreign powers colluded to torment and finally dismember an island nation will interest Cypriots, Palestinians, Lebanese and anyone concerned with the subtle machinations of latter-day imperialism.

From a minor flood of slick short-story collections, Ellen Gilchrist's *Victory Over Japan* (Little, Brown, $15.95) stood out and left me longing for the further adventures of her loopy and hilarious heroines, Rhoda, Miss Crystal and Nora Jane. The poems in John Ashbery's *A Wave* (Viking, $14.95) utter the unutterable with astonishing clarity. In their transparent, supple lines, the personal and the abstract slide together to make a new place for the mind.

For feminists and time-capsule fans, I recommend *The Diaries of Hannah Cullwick, Victorian Maidservant*, (edited by Liz Stanley, Rutgers University Press, $25, paper $10.95). Although written at the insistence of her aristocratic lover and eventual husband, Arthur Munby, a.k.a. Massa, Hannah's diaries are tough, sensible and delectably unhumble. And for leftists of all stripes, the poems and prose in Tony Benn's *Writings on the Wall: A Radical and Socialist Anthology 1215–1984* (Faber and Faber, $22.95) will serve as a reminder that while Presidential terms are short, history is very long.

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ELSA DIXLER

Among its other shortcomings, 1984 was not a great year for feminist books. Either that or it wasn't a great year for my reading them. What follows, therefore, is not a complete survey of this year in women's studies, but a quick look at the books by and about women I liked best.

My favorite book this year was Mary Catherine Bateson's *With A Daughter's Eye* (William Morrow, $15.95). It's a fascinating take on Margaret Mead, who interests me both as an example of how a woman gains and uses power and as a contributor to our thinking about female and male roles. I read it at one sitting because I was moved by Bateson's depiction of her relationship with her mother (and, to a lesser extent, her father). Jane Howard's more conventional and, in every sense, straight biography of Mead (*Margaret Mead: A Life*, Simon & Schuster, $19.95) is also worth reading. The two books don't duplicate each other, and the reader of both will emerge not only with a full picture of Mead's life but with a lot of ideas about what a biography can be.

Another biography I enjoyed was Elinor Langer's *Josephine Herbst: The Story She Could Never Tell* (Atlantic/Little, Brown, $19.95). Langer resurrects a forgotten life (with much to say to radical women) while showing how a biographer can be present in a work without dominating it.

My continuing disappointment that there will be no more Barbara Pym to read was assuaged this year by the appearance of *A Very Private Eye: An Autobiography in Diaries and Letters*, edited by Hazel Holt and Hilary Pym (Dutton, $19.95). It's hard to imagine three women more different from one another than Mead, Herbst and Pym, yet they were more or less contemporaries and all wrestled with the constraints of the female role—finding a public voice, assuming personal power, becoming fully sexual. Pym's outer life was more constricted than those of the others, but her inner life, as this book shows, was something else again.

Even if there's no more Barbara Pym, there continues to be Marge Piercy. *Fly Away Home* (Summit, $17.95) isn't her best novel, but for some of us that doesn't matter. Her description of dishes is so loving that I can almost reconstruct the recipes. *Civil Wars*, by Rosellen Brown (Knopf, $16.95), is a well-written story of women, men and politics.

Books I haven't read yet but fully intend to are the novel *Union Street*, by Pat Barker (Ballantine, $3.50); *When and Where I Enter*, a history of black women in America by Paula Giddings (William Morrow, $15.95); Alice Wexler's *Emma Goldman: An Intimate Life* (Pantheon, $19.95); and Elisabeth Griffith's *In Her Own Right: The Life of Elizabeth Cady Stanton* (Oxford, $17.95). I-haven't-read-the-book-but-I-saw-the-movie department: *Pleasure and Danger*, edited by Carol Vance (Routledge & Kegan Paul, $25, paper $11.95), collects some of the papers presented at Barnard's famous "The Scholar and the Feminist" conference of 1982. They may be a little hard going for anyone not enlisted in the feminist sexuality wars, but this is the place to start if you want to know whether girls just want to have fun, and if so, how.

Four other books I couldn't put down this year were Janet Malcolm's *In the Freud Archives* (Knopf, $11.95) and three by (gasp) men: the pleasantly sleazy group biography *The Kennedys*, by Peter Collier and David Horowitz (Summit, $21.95); *Wired*, by Bob Woodward (Simon & Schuster, $17.95)—actually I put it down to go jogging and had to wrestle it back from the resident 11-year-old, who couldn't put it down either; and Joe Klein's powerful *Payback* (Knopf, $17.95), which made me realize that the shared experience of the Vietnam War has tied S.D.S.ers and Vietnam vets inextricably together.

KATRINA VANDEN HEUVEL

In Moscow, dissidents call Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn "our Vermont icon." Michael Scammell's very long (more than 1,000 pages) biography *Solzhenitsyn* (Norton, $29.95) is not a hagiographic portrait but a hard look at Solzhenitsyn's mythmaking attitude toward his own life. Solzhenitsyn emerges as prophet, politician, writer, dissident and, above all, as an important witness to the gulag.

Lev Kopelev, the model for Rubin, the idealistic young Communist in Solzhenitsyn's great novel *The First Circle*, published his memoirs last year. Raisa Orlova, Kopelev's wife, tells her side of the story this year in her *Memoirs* (Random House, $20), a fascinating insider's view of postwar Soviet cultural life.

Yuri Trifonov was a central figure in the Soviet literary scene until his untimely death in 1981. His novel *The Old Man* (Simon & Schuster, $16.95) is really an extended short story about a man struggling to come to terms with his country's history, and his own.

Strobe Talbott gives us the Reagan Administration's view of the Soviet Union in *Deadly Gambits* (Knopf, $17.95). One of the book's lessons: Real men don't need throw weight.

For those who relished *Indecent Exposure* there is Bob Woodward's biography of John Belushi, *Wired* (Simon & Schuster, $17.95), in which naming names takes on new meaning. And those fascinated by short lives, fast times and other scandals from Tinseltown's past should take a look at Kenneth Anger's *Hollywood Babylon II* (Dutton, $24.95).

JoANN WYPIJEWSKI

When you read about 40,000 mostly utilitarian words a week for a living, there is an extravagance in reading for pleasure which demands extravagantly pleasurable language. That means reading few books but reading those oh so deliberately. What is the mental analogue of the sensation from whiskey rolled slowly over the tongue? I tend to choose old books, this year devoting months to the intoxicating rhythms and swift madness of *Moby Dick*. Read in any way the book must be a revelation, but read like this—word for word, comma for precious comma—the beautiful precision of this American proletarian (pause for an indulgent smile) meditation is excruciating.

I did linger over one new book, Czeslaw Milosz's *The Separate Notebooks* (Ecco, $17.50), a collection of poems dated from the 1930s to the present. Milosz, master at combining the personal with the political, testifier to a world destroyed, is also a master of balance. Beneath the most pacific image lies a terrible violence. Think of the dates when you read these poems—a slow shiver. Hearing Milosz read some of them this year—the aged gentleness of the Polish I could not understand, the accented beauty of the English translations which could, nevertheless, be no substitute—touched me in a way I cannot express, and made me think for a long time about the importance of hope despite history and about sacrifice in the service of language. As Melville

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wrote, there is lurking in "all heart-woes, a mystic significance, and, in some men, an archangelic grandeur."

Finally, sweet release, I thank Bruce Springsteen, Tina Turner and Prince for returning conscience, steam and psychedelic sex, respectively, to Top-40 radio; Grandmaster Melle Mel and, yes, James Brown for lending the Rainbow Coalition and thick regality, respectively, to rap.

GRACE SCHULMAN

NOTES FROM A CHILD OF PARADISE. *By Alfred Corn. Viking. $14.95. Paper $8.95.* Alfred Corn has a genius for reaching into the past for motifs, images and themes that illuminate the present and for probing his own mind for matters that affect us all. This important long poem, a history of Corn's life and of the generation that came of age in the 1960s, is skillfully modeled on Dante's *Commedia.*

A SLOW FUSE: New poems. *By Theodore Weiss. Macmillan. $15.95. Paper $8.95.* Theodore Weiss is a master, and this, I feel, the most exciting of his eleven books. Poetry is exalted here by his exploration of ordinary things (dandelions, cattails), extraordinary things (a pied surcoat in Canterbury) and uncommon common people. A remarkable exuberance compels him to look into everything he can. His is a portrait of the artist as restless meditative wanderer, painted in language that is witty, precise and often haunting.

DEEP WITHIN THE RAVINE. *By Philip Schultz. Viking. $14.95. Paper $8.95.* The poems in Schultz's second book enact what he called, in his first collection, "the passion & the pain & the mystery of our lives." He is wildly humorous, or deeply tragic, and always alive to things of this world. His deepest, most inward passions lead him outward, to art and to beauty. To my mind his most striking poem is "The Quality," wise song of fierce praise, whose five six-line stanzas are cast in a single, perfect sentence.

DAYS WE WOULD RATHER KNOW. *By Michael Blumenthal. Viking. $14.95. Paper $9.95.* This is the work of a poet who is, above all things, genuine: he is witty, profound, erotic, playful, ironic, elegiac and, in his bleakest moments, closest to praise. His voice is like no other: "Fish Fucking" is the unlikely title of a poem whose central conceit is of language, love and the joys of a luminous world. His music is haunting, and utterly new.

PARADISE POEMS. *By Gerald Stern. Random House. $12.95. Paper $6.95.* I continue to marvel at Gerald Stern's passionate identification with commonplace things: two old roses, a small red dog, a leaf. His sense of place, his love for the natural world, is striking.

THE LAND OF ULRO. *By Czeslaw Milosz. Translated by Louis Iribarne. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $17.95.* This is a spiritual autobiography in which Milosz, like Alfred Corn, in *Notes From a Child of Paradise*, reaches into the self for ideas and images that are essential to contemporary life.

AN AMERICAN PROCESSION. *By Alfred Kazin. Knopf. $18.95.* Among our major critics, Alfred Kazin is one of the few who write with urgency, immediacy and passion. Here, he treats Emerson as a seminal figure in the literature of 1830-1930, "the crucial century," and deals admirably with Hawthorne, Thoreau, Melville, Dickinson, Twain. His comments on Pound and Eliot are especially enlightening.

THE ODES OF JOHN KEATS. *By Helen Vendler. Harvard. $18.50.* Another important critical study. Helen Vendler's readings of Keats's major poems are simply superb.

GRAY SOLDIERS. *By Dave Smith. Stuart Wright, Box 7527, Reynolda Station, Winston-Salem, N.C. 27109. $15.50.* A memorable book of poems mostly centered on the Civil War.

KATHA POLLITT

Sharon Olds's second collection of poems, *The Dead and the Living* (Knopf, $13.95, paper $6.95), made me tear my hair with jealousy and admiration. To write poems that swift, that strong, that passionate, that confident, that apparently (but only apparently) unpremeditated! Despite their sometimes grim subjects—family trauma, death of friends, war, famine, human cruelties large and small—Olds's poems bristle with vitality and, surprisingly, humor. *The Dead and the Living* is a refreshing antidote to the *fin de siècle* mode of rapturous exhaustion that permeates much American poetry, and I wish I had written it.

The novel I wish I had written is T. Gertler's *Elbowing The Seducer* (Random House, $16.95), which did not get the reviews it deserved, perhaps because it offers the most devastating portrait of a reviewer (pompous, played-out, sadistic, philandering and—oh, Lord!—impotent!) since Wilfrid Sheed's Max Jamison. What made the novel special was not its clever savaging of New York literary life, although that was fun, but its depiction of a young woman's growth from good-girl deviousness to awareness of her considerable literary gifts—that, and its wonderful, strange, magical sentences. I'm looking forward to the movie version, in which I hope Diane Keaton will *not* play the heroine.

The most interesting biography I read was Peter Ackroyd's *T.S. Eliot* (Simon & Schuster, $24.95), which somehow manages to surmount Valerie Eliot's refusal of permission to quote from the poet's letters or unpublished manuscripts, and gives a shaded, sympathetic portrait of a most shadowy and (to me, at least) unsympathetic man. Eliot emerges from these pages as only slightly less mad than his tragic, mad first wife. That anyone ever gave two pins for his opinion on politics, religion or the sources of human happiness—indeed, on any subject outside of literature—is as amazing as the fact that he wrote a handful of poems that will last as long as the English language. If not longer.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

Leo Steinberg's *The Sexuality of Christ in Renaissance Art and in Modern Oblivion* (Pantheon, $19.95)—just the thing for a sophisticated Christmas gift—is a brilliant picto-Christological revelation of certain unmistakable features of Renaissance painting we had all been blind to until Steinberg, with his marvelous panache, lifted the veil on Christ's genital humanity. It is an audacious and convincing essay, and makes one think about a great deal more than just the subject of the book. Audacious in a different way is Thomas Hoving's *King of the Confessors* (Ballantine, $3.95), in which Hoving, who should have been a knight, rides forth to bring back all but a piece of the true Bury Saint Edmunds cross. I liked the cheerful amorality of the quest, and the glimpse into the underside of the museum world, full of monsters.

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Svetlana Alpers's *The Art of Describing* (University of Chicago Press, $37.50, paper $17.50) opened a window for me into the minds of Dutch painters of the great period and made me see even Vermeer and Rembrandt from a surprising perspective. Another kind of window into the minds of others, women this time, is opened up in Alice Munro's stories, *Something I've Been Meaning to Tell You* (New American Library, $6.95). Each of them is so instantly authentic that one is persuaded they must be autobiographical—until one reflects that she cannot have lived all those lives and so is gifted with an extraordinary power for imagining the real.

I loved Barbara Pym's *A Very Private Eye: An Autobiography in Diaries and Letters* (Dutton, $19.95). I am always grateful for her novels, and thus grateful to make a more direct acquaintance with their author. She was a witty woman, sexy and hopeful, with a boisterous schoolgirl spirit, who heroically accepted the shameful behavior of her publishers when they decided, in the 1960s, that she was no longer "relevant." It was thrilling to read of her triumphant rediscovery and the revenge of artistic virtue over editorial sin, and a joy to realize that she tasted this pleasure before she died.

Milan Kundera's *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* (Harper & Row, $15.95), like a Mitteleuropa pastry, was a bit doughy at the center, but I relished it for its philosophical eroticism and for the company of the author's complex and urbane sensibility. Jean-Paul Sartre's long-buried scenario for the movie *Freud* was published by Gallimard as *Le scénario Freud*. It reads like a great libretto, and anyone with enough French can take advantage of a weak franc and get a copy, though I understand there will be a translation soon. Finally, this was the year I got past the beginning of *Middlemarch*: I could never stand the pain of seeing the luscious Dorothea Brooks surrender herself to the transparently awful Casaubon. Having crashed through this barrier, I spent a wonderful time in the moral landscape of this great novel.

GARY GIDDINS

I've divided my fifteen best (all alphabetized) into three categories: reissues of old music, new music, and old music released for the first time in 1984. In the first instance, I want to draw attention to record labels that have shown particular ambition and skill in restoring classic performances.

1. *Big Band Jazz* (Smithsonian). This controversial six-record collection shows that orchestrated jazz in the dance band era was remarkably diverse and as capable of exciting the mind as the feet. The Smithsonian catalogue is available only through the mail (P.O. Box 10230, Des Moines, Iowa 60336).
2. *The Complete Blue Note and Pacific Jazz Recordings of Clifford Brown* (Mosaic). All the limited-edition anthologies produced by this mail-order company (1341 Ocean Ave., Suite 135, Santa Monica, Calif. 90401) are recommended—the obscure sessions featuring boogie-woogie or the sensuous blues trumpet of Frank Newton, as well as the voluminous surveys of Monk, Mulligan, Pepper and Brown.
3. *Bill Evans* (Riverside/Fantasy). This $150 limited-edition eighteen-volume boxed set, containing every scrap of releasable music from Evans's great years with Riverside (1956-63), is the most daring retrospective ever done of a jazz artist on an American label. You can find the original albums by Evans and numerous others in the Riverside/Fantasy/Prestige OJC series, which has issued dozens of albums from the 1950s and 1960s, in their original jackets, at bargain prices.
4. *The Chocolate Dandies* (DRG/Parlophone). Benny Carter, Coleman Hawkins, Jimmy Harrison and other titans of 1928-30, on one of several excellent Parlophone collections (don't miss *Louis Armstrong and the Big Bands* either) now coming out from DRG.
5. Coleman Hawkins: *Jazz Tones* (Xanadu). A relatively obscure but smashing Hawkins date from 1954, from a label that specializes in restoring obscure gems (cf. albums by Bill Harris, Sonny Criss and Red Norvo).
6. *Charlie Parker on Verve 1946-1954* (Verve/Polygram). An invaluable ten-record set, though it contains the worst as well as the best of Bird. In addition to such productions as this and Stan Getz's *The Bossa Nova Years*, Polygram is distributing countless classics from the Verve and Emarcy catalogues, many of them remastered in Japan, with the original jackets.

New Jazz: Not since the early 1930s has the state of jazz recording so poorly represented the state of jazz performance. Suffice it to say that in 1984, the world's most adventurous jazz labels were European and Asian.

1. Willem Breuker Kollektief, *Driebergen-Zeist* (BVHAAST 050). The Dutch neoclassicists play Weill, Prokofiev, Ellington (a beautiful "Creole Love Call") and originals, sometimes with forked tongue in both cheeks.
2. Jack DeJohnette's Special Edition, *Album Album* (ECM). An eloquent, exciting session with three crooning reeds and an electrifying rhythm section.
3. Tommy Flanagan, *Thelonica* (Enja). The superbly elegant pianist interprets the most incomparably eccentric jazz composer.
4. Jimmy Knepper Sextet, *I Dream too Much* (Soul Note). Handsomely arranged and played sextet music featuring the inventive trombonist, and ornamented with two neglected Jerome Kern songs.
5. Bobby McFerrin, *The Voice* (Musician). The most creative improvisational singer to come along in a decade in a series of solo performances that are wry, rhythmic and sure.
6. David Murray Quartet, *Morning Song* (Black Saint). Aided by John Hicks's piano, the saxophonist-clarinetist comes into his own with a program of standards and originals.
7. Sonny Rollins, *Sunny Days Starry Nights* (Milestone). One of the most beguiling instrumentalists of any era plays three roiling calypsos and a couple of sardonic ballads as though he didn't know the rhythm section was wanting.

New Old Jazz:

1. Duke Ellington, *All Star Road Band* (Doctor Jazz). A 1957 dance, expertly remastered—it's almost as good as being there.
2. Lester Young, *Historical Prez* (Everybody's). Radio broadcasts from 1944, with and without the Basie orchestra. The sound is low-fi, but not enough to diminish the pleasure of newly discovered Young (P.O. Box 156, Hicksville, N.Y. 11803).

DAVE MARSH

Arthur Baker: Record producer Baker's métier is the pop single, and in 1984, the best year for such music since the late 1960s, his work was the most challenging and adventurous on radio. Highpoints: The *Beat Street* soundtrack (Atlantic); Diana Ross's *Swept Away* (RCA); revelatory dance mixes of Cyndi Lauper and Bruce Springsteen hits

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Central America
Appearing just after the controversial Kissinger report in January 1984, the special issue on Central America offered a strong refutation of the Administration's views. The arguments still hold. Highlighted by Walter LaFeber's overview, William LeoGrande's analysis of the domestic political fallout and Peter Davis's compelling firsthand report on the Nicaraguan revolution today, the issue is one of the most urgent, informative and important in *The Nation*'s history.

Fifteen Years of the Burger Court
Herman Schwartz and his cadre of twelve leading lawyers and scholars put together an invaluable assessment of the Burger Court. Leaving no stone unturned, the authors scrutinize the last fifteen years of "intense judicial activism" in a thought-provoking manner. No lawyer, student of the courts or concerned citizen should be without this issue.

K.A.L. 007: What the U.S. Knew And When We Knew It
Published on the eve of the first anniversary of the downing of Korean Air Lines Flight 007, this issue raises serious questions about the U.S. role in the tragedy. After a year of thorough research, author David Pearson concludes that U.S. authorities at the highest level knew the airliner was off course much earlier than they have admitted, and that the questions raised by the official versions of the story can only be resolved by a Congressional inquiry.

The Strange Correspondence of Morris Ernst & John Edgar Hoover, 1939–1964
Harrison E. Salisbury, the award-winning journalist, details how the director of the F.B.I. exploited and debased the confidence of a leading civil libertarian, and in so doing seriously compromised the A.C.L.U. Salisbury draws on some 300 exchanges to document the extent to which the machinations of the "top constable" profaned the democratic process.

Latin America: A Political Guide
An invaluable survey of thirty-three Latin American countries by Penny Lernoux, *The Nation*'s award-winning Latin American correspondent.

El Salvador
A compilation of *Nation* articles on Central America and El Salvador, including an early debunking of the famed "White Paper" by James Petras.

A Letter to America
The Nation January Inauguration issue was devoted entirely to E.P. Thompson's compelling essay on the clear and present danger of nuclear war.

Intervention
Under what conditions, if any, is military (or other) intervention ever justified? An entire issue of *The Nation* on the subject of intervention contains the papers presented at a Conference on Intervention, co-sponsored by *The Nation* and the Columbia University School of International Affairs.

The Campaign to Smear the Nuclear Freeze Movement
Frank Donner offers a provocative analysis and thorough documentation of the outrageous attempts by right wingers in media, Congress and the Administration to discredit the nuclear freeze movement, charging that it is inspired and manipulated by the Soviet Union.

Nuclear Samizdat
What do Russians think about the nuclear arms race? Two prominent Marxist dissidents, historian Roy A. Medvedev and biologist Zhores A. Medvedev, provide the unofficial viewpoint with a clarity rarely found in the American press.

Disarmament: Covering the Unthinkable
In this special issue Richard Pollak takes a critical look at the media coverage of the indisputably most important issue facing mankind; Michael Kazin gives a brief history of the birth of the freeze movement; and David Corn presents a useful directory of organizations working on the disarmament issue.

The New Arms Technology
From the catapult to particle beam weapons, the engineering of death has concentrated more attention and resources than any other human endeavor. Nine leading experts explore and explain the latest arms technology—both "conventional" and nuclear—and trace the political decisions which have led us closer to Armageddon than ever before.

Empire as a Way of Life
William Appleman Williams' brilliant analysis of America's life with an empire—and the implications of life without one—was the focus of this special issue that was distributed to the delegates at the 1980 Democratic National Convention.

Myths of the Middle East
This special issue of *The Nation* is devoted to breaking the logomachy jam in the Israeli-Palestinian conflict by subjecting the emotion-sodden rhetoric that weighs down current thinking to a blast of fresh ideas.

The Selling of Japan
From every quarter American business is urged to adopt some feature of Japan's stunningly successful economic model. But is this model applicable to the United States? What are the implications of Japanese solutions to the problems of American business? This issue opens up and expands the "Japan debate," while shattering some of the myths about the Japanese economic system now in circulation.

Feminist Books
Today, an exciting new feminist scholarship is re-evaluating a host of subjects from sexuality to the history of socialism to coeducation. This special issue offers an up-to-date sampling of recent offerings in a field that is more lively, contradictory and urgent than ever.

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(Epic and Columbia, respectively).

Ruben Blades: *Buscando America* (Elektra). A major Latin star breaks into the mainstream, without abandoning Spanish lyrics or salsa rhythms. Blades adds touches of doo-wop harmony and rock-based production, and offers English translations of his trenchant, often political lyrics as his vehicles to "crossover." The result is an extremely intelligent album, with much to say about both Central and North American lives.

The Pretenders: *Learning to Crawl* (Sire). Expatriate Chrissie Hynde returns from England to Akron, Ohio, and finds heartbreak, desolation, ravaged loved ones (people and places) and the imagination to shout and croon about it. Brave and graceful.

Prince and the Revolution: *Purple Rain* (soundtrack, Warners). Mistrust his religious mania; despise his sexism; but *listen* to his music and you'll hear the most gifted musician working in contemporary popular music. And when he cuts past the bull, he can move you to dancing and/or weeping. "Purple Rain" is like the best of Jimi Hendrix: imagine a bulldozer dancing.

RUN-D.M.C.: *RUN-D.M.C.* (Profile). These Queens, New York, teenagers have mastered rap, incorporated it with heavy metal (on "Rock Box," their best hit) and turned out the sassiest LP of 1984.

Bruce Springsteen: *Born in the U.S.A.* (Columbia). Lives up to expectations, by staring the American rot in the face and digging his heels in ("Born in the U.S.A.," "My Hometown"), then confounds them by opening up musically to some new beats and instruments ("Dancing in the Dark," "Cover Me"). A *very* cool rockin' daddy in the U.S.A.

Tina Turner: *Private Dancer* (Capitol). Return of the great soul shouter, updated and ravaged. This is more than a comeback; it's an outline of what happens to discarded people: battered women, middle-aged blacks, out-of-fashion artists. And it says all this between the lines, usually just at the moment when it's tugging you out of your seat to the dance floor.

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DAVID HAMILTON

Pierre Boulez's Schoenberg box (CBS I3M 37863, three disks), which contains the first commercial version of the visionary, unfinished oratorio *Die Jakobsleiter* and superbly crafted performances of the expressionist operas *Erwartung* and *Die glückliche Hand*, as well as important instrumental works, is a major contribution to recorded literature, long overdue. Roger Sessions's 1981 Concerto for Orchestra, a vigorous demonstration of mastery, has been competently recorded by the Boston Symphony, which commissioned it (Hyperion A-66050). Among the remarkable Conductart restorations of historical recordings, available only on cassettes, I particularly enjoyed Fritz Kreisler's eloquent playing of the Beethoven and Brahms violin concertos (InSync C-4135), a group of French works played with distinctive timbres by the Straram Orchestra (InSync C-4134), and Willem Mengelberg's flamboyant performances of Tchaikovsky's Symphonies No. 4 and No. 5 (InSync C-4138), which emerge with a spatial dimensionality that shames the artificial flatness of many modern recordings. Less brilliantly restored, but musically indispensable, are EMI's two albums devoted to Artur Schnabel's playing of Schubert (RLS 7713 and RLS 143-560-3, three disks each). And another irresistible keyboard collection—Wanda Landowska's prewar recordings of Domenico Scarlatti sonatas (Seraphim IB-6139, two disks).

ANDREW KOPKIND

From the movies that came out this year before the Christmas glut, culled from a sugar plum here, a nougat there and a few tart prunes, I liked:

All of Me, directed by Carl Reiner
Another Country, directed by Marek Kanievska
Country, directed by Richard Pearce
El Norte, directed by Gregory Nava
Stranger Than Paradise, directed by Jim Jarmusch
The Brother From Another Planet, directed by John Sayles
The Fourth Man, directed by Paul Verhoeven
The Good Fight, a film by Noel Buckner, Mary Dore and Sam Sills
The Times of Harvey Milk, a film by Richard Schmiechen and Robert Epstein
This Is Spinal Tap, directed by Rob Reiner

MINDY ALOFF

For me, the best volume of dance fantasies ever produced by an American is Audubon's *Birds of America* (Abbeville Press, $185). What slippered Icarus could surpass the magnificent frigate bird, hurtling downward, inky and serpentine? What Giselle could unloose her pale hair more tenderly than the snowy egret, with its soft, rippling mane? This new edition, edited by Roger Tory Peterson and Virginia Maria Peterson, is "Baby Elephant Folio" size—about the dimensions of a ghetto blaster—and features an arrangement that emphasizes scientific classification, as well as an essay about the history of bird painting.

Nature's Hidden World (by Ingrid Selberg, Philomel, $9.95) is a pop-up book from England with enchanting and minutely observed four-color scenes of common wildlife. In each tableau, there is a mechanical marvel which the reader initiates by pulling a paper tab: a chick opens its beak and a sparrow inclines to feed it; a frog pops over the toothy snout of a cruising eel; a spider edges toward a plump honeybee. Paper, yes, but the diversity of motion according to the individual animal makes it nothing less than a poor man's Fabergé egg.

Nijinsky and Pavlova are the sun and moon of Russian ballet. This year, there's a fine gift volume devoted to each. *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* (Dance Horizons, $29.95) offers, at a reasonable price, copies of the thirty-three surviving photographs that Baron Adolf de Meyer took in 1912 of Nijinsky's first ballet for Diaghilev's Ballets Russes. Even if you have no feeling for dance history but were once touched by Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn," these

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images will tempt you. Also included: Aldous Huxley's translation of the Mallarmé poem, and several essays, notably one discussing the ballet's context and genesis, wrought most elegantly by *New York Times* dance critic Jennifer Dunning.

"Nature is greater than art, but the mind is greater than all things else." The statement is Anna Pavlova's, one of the surprises in *Pavlova: Portrait of a Dancer* (Viking, $25). This lavishly illustrated book will not tell you as much about the dancing of "the Incomparable" as those by Keith Money or the Lazzarinis, but its anthology of interviews, documents and a homage by Margot Fonteyn accords a just perspective on a singular life. □

Coal & Switches Dept.

DAVID FINKLE

GOOD MORNING, MERRY SUNSHINE: A Father's Journal of His Child's First Year. *By Bob Greene. Atheneum. 307 pp. $14.95.*

Those who agree with Oscar Wilde that it takes someone with a heart of stone to get past the death of Little Nell without laughing will want to turn to Bob Greene's *Good Morning, Merry Sunshine* for supplementary reading.

Greene's book, subtitled *A Father's Journal of His Child's First Year*, contains 366 diary entries (from his daughter's birth to her first birthday) which track the unacknowledged male supremacist on his sentimental journey toward caring fatherhood. Our hero longs to be appreciated for his budding sensitivity (his introduction indicates that he always meant the journal to be published), but he gives himself away in nearly every line. Take, for instance, this passage:

> I don't know who invented Snuglis, but they are certainly the eighties version of the pacifier.
>
> Snuglis are those baby-pouches that mothers strap onto themselves. The straps crisscross over the mothers' backs; the babies fit into a carrying compartment in front, facing the mothers' chests. Susan wears one all the time when she is going to the grocery or out for a short walk; even if Amanda has been screaming, she is placid within a minute or two of being put in the Snugli.

Of course, one is amazed that anyone who makes a living as a reporter for the *Chicago Tribune*, *Esquire* and ABC's *Nightline* could be ignorant of the Snugli story (Ann and Michael Moore of Colorado got the idea for Snuglis while serving in the Peace Corps in Africa). But what about the rest? To start with, Snuglis are not the pacifiers of the 1980s. *Pacifiers* are the pacifiers of the 1980s. What kind of father doesn't know that? And what about the description of Snuglis as "those baby pouches that *mothers* strap onto themselves"? You can't get much closer to a genuine unisex accessory than Snuglis; even a father could strap one on if he were of a mind to. Then, too, there's the plural possessive in the sentence, "The straps crisscross over the mothers' backs." Not wearing a Snugli himself when he is out and about, Greene isn't disposed to see another father in one either, and yet he must have encountered a father in a Snugli somewhere along the way. What is Susan Greene jotting down in *her* journal? Very little time for that it would seem: "Susan wears one all the time when she is going to the grocery or out for a short walk."

There is no suggestion anywhere in *Good Morning, Merry Sunshine* that Greene has ever changed a diaper or given his daughter a bath. He dismisses himself from active duty but becomes "teary" when Amanda is away for a day or two and he comes upon her food—"all the jars of strained fruits and vegetables, stacked up." Or when she has finally outgrown her Snugli, and Susan says, "I know you like Snugli . . . but my back is starting to kill me."

One day, when his daughter is slightly more than 5 months old, he is on an interview in a Hamburger Hamlet and notices a woman nursing her baby at a nearby table. He later recalls, "I looked away, and hoped that everyone else in the restaurant would, too." This, then, is enlightened fatherhood. This is parenting in the decade of the man who isn't afraid to cry, the decade of Phil Donahue's blandishments (he endorses the book on its dust jacket) and of *The New York Times Magazine*'s "About Men" column. But is one man's foolish

David Finkle is a writer who lives in New York City.

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memoir too narrow a launching pad for an attack on the entire feeling-father movement? Not if that testimony has been a best seller during much of 1984.

In an essay called "A Wolf in Wolf's Clothing," from his collection *American Beat*, Greene observes of a swaggering playboy he knows, "It is instructive, and somehow perversely comforting . . . to know that somewhere in the isolated pockets of male America, men like Nick Nickolas exist." Despite some obvious handicaps (*vide* the author's photo on the book jacket), Greene, I think, fancies himself as such a man, and having *Good Morning, Merry Sunshine* jump off the shelves like Luvs is perhaps a perverse form of comfort for him. □

DANCE.

MINDY ALOFF

Degas: The Dancers
Amadeus

Her face is large, young, often unsmiling, with heavy-lidded eyes, a straight nose and a chin held a chip too high. She stands barely five feet tall but her muscular back and her wide bell skirt combine to make her look formidable. Her neck suits her turn-of-the-century technique: it's short and efficient, like Nijinsky's, not the attenuated stem typical today. Even so, her shoulders lie still, freeing her head to pivot in easy counterpoint to the carriage of her upper body. She never plunges into movement; she is always containing it. Still, one has the impression that if she wanted to deepen and extend her dancing, she could draw on a basic flexibility. Her waist is the source of her power: corseted, sashed, safe, it links the cool, exalted bosom to the cataract of tulle spilling from hips to knees. Like her upper arms, her thighs are worked, race-horse lean. Her knee is straight, like an adolescent boy's; her calf is long and lightly contoured; her ankle is narrow, with a clearly delineated Achilles tendon. Her foot is small, size 2 in a ballet slipper maybe, but the arch is high and strong, even sumptuous, and the point is delightfully sharp. Perhaps because she is a worker, a member of "the race of the street," her hands are never truly idle. In class, they brace her, adjust her costume, cradle her downcast face, clasp each other in all manner of patient grips. In performance, they round off the line of her port de bras, now in chiseled, rococo curls, now in firm tendrils, now floating soft and full, the fingers not quite distinct, as if still in the process of being formed.

Trained since childhood at the school of the Paris Opera, she has managed to learn a thing or two about life. If you look hard, you can see her mother, stout shadow, at the edge of one wing of the stage, and the black pants of an admirer piping another. She performs passionately with an uptipped face, radiant and pure, but she performs less than she rehearses, rehearses less than she marks, marks less than she watches, watches less than she waits, bending, scratching, yawning, as self-conscious as a cat in a kitchen.

She will never approach the virtuosity and epic style of today's ballerinas, but she is the mother of them all: there is something about the sureness of her stance, her sense of identity, the beauty of her foot, her calm at the center of disequilibrium that is the essence of classic art. She can trace her tendu to Minerva and her arabesque to Eros, and when she bends to the side to tie her shoe, she invokes an ancient Victory. Yet blink, and she's once more alone, a creature of angles and half-light, one more little rat under the moon. Edgar Degas found her, and saved her, and perfected her, and re-created her—with a piece of chalk, a daub of paint, a bit of pencil, a ball of wax. By the time he died, blind and inconsolable at the prospect of perfect stillness, he had guided her to the status of *étoile*. Until March 10, 1985, she will be shining daily at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, in a show called Degas: The Dancers, which honors the 150th anniversary of the artist's birth.

Milos Forman's new movie, *Amadeus*, based on Peter Shaffer's play about Mozart and his rival composer Salieri, has taken flak for its lack of authenticity with respect to Mozart's life and career. One thing that does feel right about it, however, is the analogy it draws between dancing and exuberant life. In *The Classical Style*, Charles Rosen writes of the important effect that dance phrasing had on eighteenth-century music—notably, in the change from the continuous, driven Baroque line to the periodic disposition of melody and rests to accommodate the

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way steps were clustered. Forman and Shaffer (who rewrote his play for the screen) don't get down to this level of subtlety, but they do link dancing with Mozart and physical vitality, while Salieri, the traditionalist, is presented as cautious, cold, inclined to suppress his natural impulses.

The choreography and staging of Mozart's operas in the film is by Twyla Tharp, for whom authenticity doesn't seem to have been a priority, either. (For that, I recommend the revivals of eighteenth-century operas and ballets that the New York Baroque Dance Company and Concert Royal co-produce in New York from time to time.) Yet Tharp has managed to come up with one vivid effect after another. She is well supported by the wonderful sound of the Mozart operas conducted by Neville Marriner, by the richly inventive stage décor of the distinguished Czech designer Josef Svoboda and by the operas' setting in the jewel-box Tyl Theater of Prague. A group ballet for *Abduction from the Seraglio* features lightly costumed male and female pirates strutting into the air-turns, splits, tossed lifts and loose movements that virtually constitute Tharp's signature. In the last scene of *Don Giovanni*, Tharp has the statue of the murdered Commendatore arrive at the Don's banquet hall for dinner ("You invited me, Don Giovanni," sings the statue, "and here I am") by bursting stiff-kneed through a wall, like Boris Karloff's monster in *Frankenstein*; later in the scene, a circle of dancing monks lash burning whips in figure eights. Elsewhere, in a period pastiche of several Mozart operas, the statue's entrance is parodied by a dwarf seated on a horse. Everywhere, it seems, someone is crashing an elite party or dropping in out of the blue.

When I came home from the movie theater and listened to Mozart's "Jupiter" with these images in mind, the music did sound different—younger, more volatile, impelled by an almost mythic energy. Forman's Mozart (Tom Hulce) bears more than a passing resemblance as a character to the hippie hero of Forman's movie *Hair* (also choreographed by Tharp), and although he's never convincing as a musical genius, he does give you some inkling of the audacity that Mozart the freelance composer must have had to spare. For that, the audacious energy of Twyla Tharp seems authentic. □

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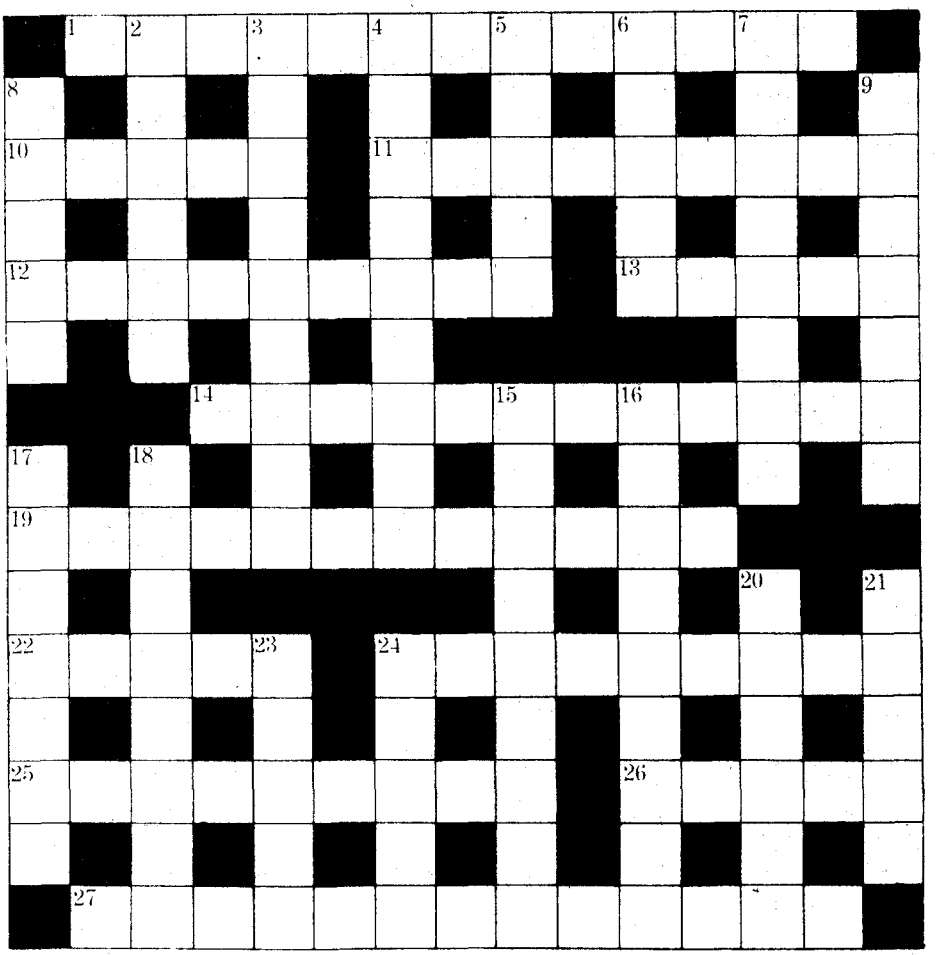

ACROSS

1 It's hard to understand things beyond it. (13)
10 To a degree, liquor might make one dance. (5)
11 Not the badges worn by London policemen, though they might hold something for a lady. (5,4)
12 Something bigger couldn't—as one might put you down. (9)
13 One might look out of it, or lie, if in trouble. (5)
14 Probably not as fast at track as it would be if it had a coach. (7,5)
19 An outstanding example of horsepower implied by something that could be in your car. (12)
22 You might wish the used car you're considering only had one. (5)
24 What Nixon tried to do with Jackson, possibly. (9)
25 If you make a man talk a little, you'll find what might have a neutralizing effect. (9)
26 The way in which one might give you the cold shoulder here in France, not getting halfway through Lyons! (5)
27 One who looks closely at something possibly associated with St. Andrews, or perhaps the Greek type? (Is there some question about one's activity?) (13)

DOWN

2 In a way, there's room on Lucifer's head for something to imitate gold. (6)
3 As a workman, one might eventually go to the wall. (9)
4 Get me up with the bell when his sort follows—that's what 3 might do! (9)
5 The warm part of December? (5)
6 If you do it on mine, I might have to take responsibility. (3-2)
7 If you change oil, a ring forms something new. (8)
8 Take after this, and it might help the gold-miner get started. (Look out for such things as beetles!) (5)
9 Some place in Oregon has St. Helens' debris on the ground. (7)
15 A certain amount of damage on the C.I.A. sort—if you face the music, you might see one. (9)
16 Miniver Cheevy loved them, albeit he had never seen one. (3,6)
17 A beginning gets sort of lost at Elaine's place, originally. (7)
18 What the top might do has the rest confused—it's only a single example of one sex. (8)
20 In case of the traveler, is in a fancy form of "goodbye." (6)
21 Perhaps has fun with such as *A Doll's House* . . . (5)
23 . . . containing more than one part. (5)
24 Fresh? Not in the least! (5)

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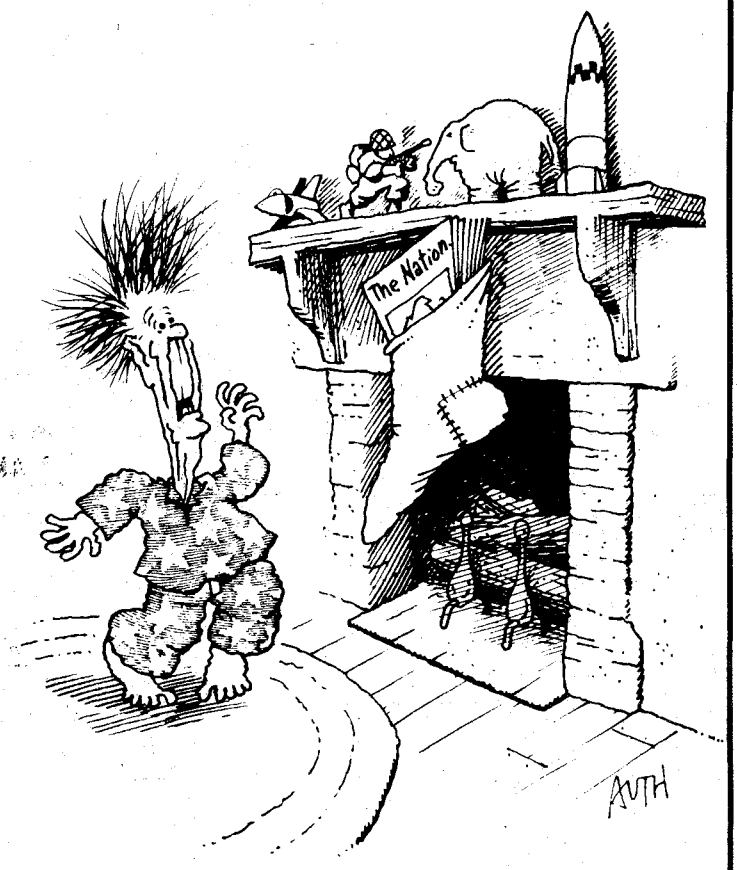

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